

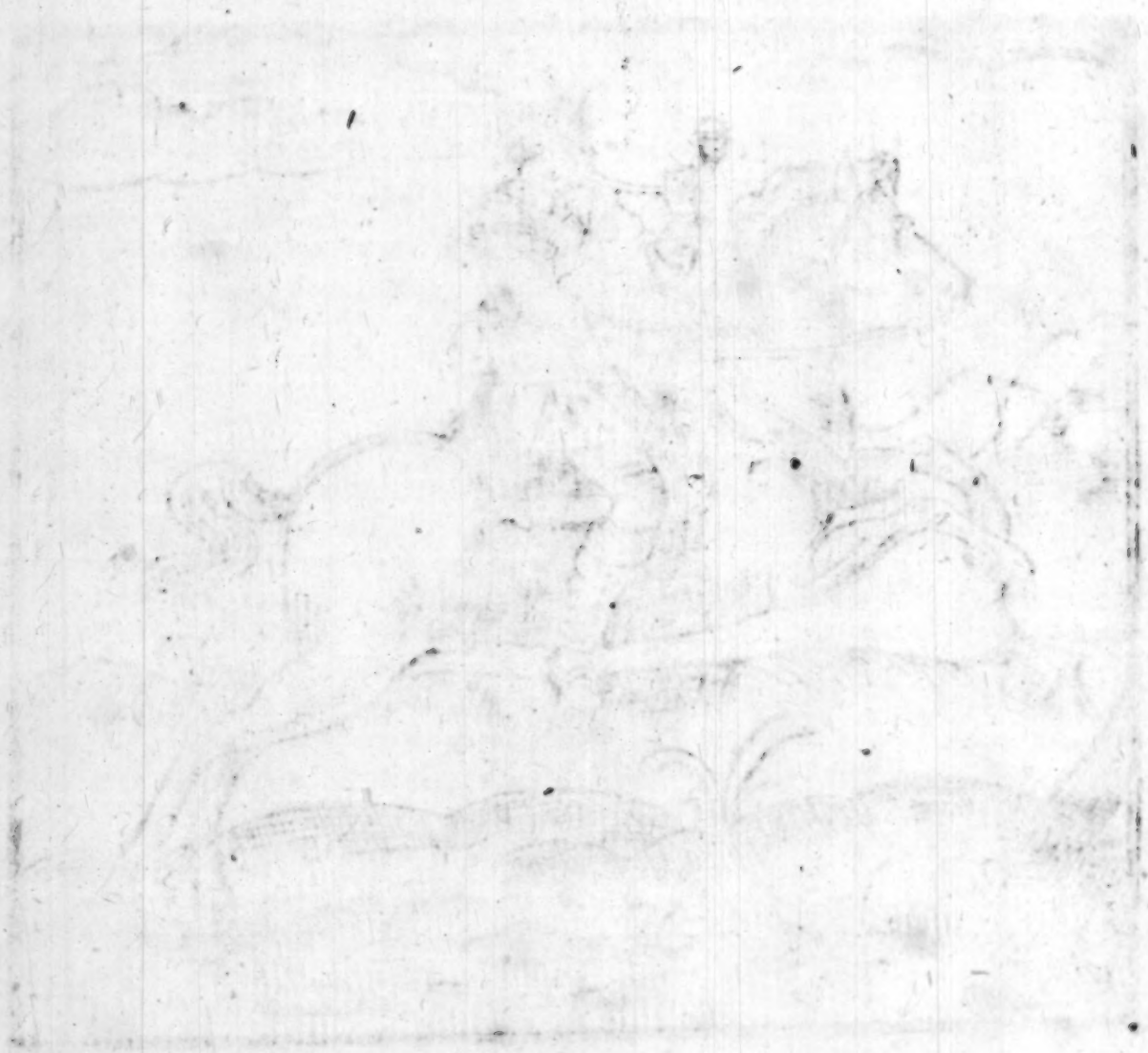
A
POSTE VVITH
a Packet of madde
Letters.

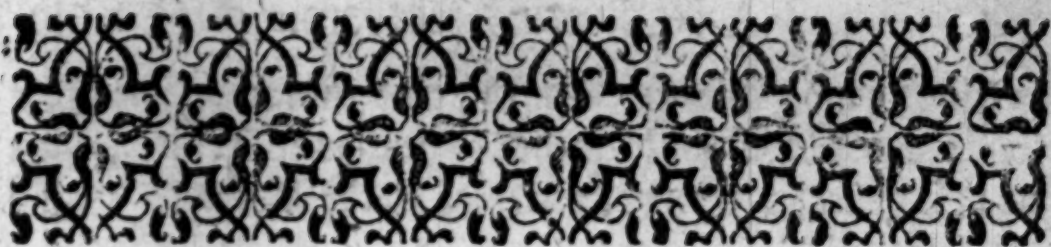
The first part.



LONDON,
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Iohn Browne,
and Iohn Smethicke.

1605.





A Poste with a mad

Packet of Letters.

A Letter of comfortable aduise to a Friend.



Honest Alexander, I heare thou art of late fallen into an extream melancholy, by reason of the suddaine departure of Parinella out of this life: for thy sake I am sozie she hath left her passage on this earth, though being too good for this world she be surely gone to a better; now, if thy mourning could recover her from death, I could willingly beare part of thy passion: but when it doth her no good, and thy selfe much hurt, let not a wilfull humour leade thee into a wofull consumption. Thou knowest she is senselesse in the graue, and wilt thou therefore be witlesse in the world? Say thy loue is extream, and let me beleue it, wilt thou therefore deprive nature of reason? God forbid it: well, thou knowest I loue thee, and in my loue let me aduise thee, not to go from thy selfe, with an imagination of what was, to lose that which is: because she is in heauen, wilt thou be in hell? or if she be halfe an Angell, wilt thou be more then halfe a Diuell? Oh spend thy spirit to a better humour: let not the remembrance of her perfection driue thee into imperfections: nor make loue hateful to other, by seeing the unhappinesse in thy selfe. Oh let not fantasie thewe follie in thee, howsoeuer vertue deserued honour in her: Leave thy solitarie humour, and come and live with me, we will devise some good meanes for the remove of this melancholy: In the meane time make not too much of it, least it proue to a madnesse: Loue thy selfe, and beleue thy

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thy friend, & what is in me, to do thee good, commaund as thine owne: glad I would be to see thee, as he who doth entircly loue thee: & so desirous to heare from thee, to the Almighty I leaue thee. Farewel.

Thine as his owne,

D. F.

His Answer.

Kinde Frank, I haue receiued thy friendly Letter, & note thy carefull loue: but pardon me, if I do not answer thee to thy liking: Alas, how can he truly iudge of life, that neuer kindly was in loue: or know how soundly to help a sorrow, that neuer inwardly felt it: Reading makes a scholler by rule, & observation I know doth much in the perfecting of Art: but experience is that which toucheth knowledge to the quicke. My mistress beauty was the Sonne-shine, whose vertue gave light to the hearts eye, nor her wisdom, an ordinary wit, which put reason to his perfect vnderstanding: & for her graces, are they not writtē among the vertuous? Thou saidst wel, she was too heavenly a creature to make her habitatiō on this earth, & is it not then a kind of hel, to be without her in the world? Imaginatiōs are no dreames, where substances are the objects of the senses, while the eye of memorie is neuer weary of seeing. Oh honest Franck, think thou hast not liued, that hath not loued, nor can liue in this world to haue such a loue to die in: It is a dull spirit that is fed with obliuion, & a dead sense, that hath no feeling of loue: thinke therefore what was, is with me; & my selfe as nothing, without y^e enioying of that something, which was to me as all in all, Is not the presence of an Angel, able to ravish the sight of a man? And is not the light of Beautie the life of loue? Leauethen to burthen me with imperfectiōs in my sorrow, for her want, whose presence was my paradise, & whose absence is my worlds hel: thou doest misconstrue my good, in languishing for her lacke, & knowest not my hurt, in thinking of any other comfort: No Francke, let it suffice, though I loue thee, I cannot forget

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forget her: and though I live with thee, yet will I die for her: haue patience then with my passion, till time better temper my affection, in which most deuoted to thee of any man liuing, till I see thee, which shall be as shortly as I well can, I rest.

Thine as thou knowest. D. E.

A Letter of aduise to a yong Courtier.

My good Cousen, I heare you are of late growne a great Courtier, I wish you much grace, & the continuing of your best comfort: but for y^e your yeares haue not had time to see much, & your kindnes may hap to be abused, let me intreat you a little now and then to looke to that which I tell you: keepe your purse warily, and your credit charily: your reputation valiantly, and your hono^r carefully: for your friendes, as you finde them, vse them: for your enemies, feare them not, but looke to them: for your loue, let it be secret in the bestowing, & discreet in the placing: for, if fantasie be a wanton, wit will be a fool: Schoone not Ladies, for they are wo^rthy to be loued, but make not loue to many, least thou be beloued of none: if thou hast a fauour, be not proud of thy fortune, but thinke it decretion to conceale a contentment: goe neat, but not gay, least it argue lightnesse, and take heed of lauish expence, lest it begger thy state: play little, and loose not much: vse exercise, but make no toile of a pleasure: Read much, but dull not thy braine, and conterre but with the wise, so shalt thou get vnderstanding. Pride is a kind of coines, which is a little too womannish, and common familiarity is too neare the Clowne for a Courtier: but carry thy selfe euen, that thou maist fall on neither side: so will the wise commend thee, & the better sort affect thee: but let me not be tedious, lest it may perhaps offend thee: and therefore as I liue, let it suffice I loue thee. And so wishing thee as much good, as thou canst wish to be wished, in prayer for thy health and hope of thy happines, to my uttermost power, I rest, in affectionate good will.

Thine euer assured: H. L.

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His Answer.

Sweete Cousen, I thinke you haue either some Court in the Country, or else you are much studied in the Courtier, & you can set down such rules, as are no lesse woꝛthie the reading, the obseruing: beleue me, they shall be my best leizures studies, & in my dailie courses my counsellors, my solicitors in loue, and my iudges in honoꝛ: my guiders in greatest hopes, & my admonitions in greatest dangers: soꝛ your paines in them, I thanke you, and soꝛ your kindnesse, I loue you: your care of me, I see by them, and wil not vnkindly soꝛget them. I must confesse, I find Courtiers close people, & Ladies strange creatures, and loue so idle an humoꝛ, that I am afraid to lose time in it: but the better by your aduise I hope to carrie a hand ouer it. Foꝛ apparell, I wil keepe my stint, and care soꝛ no fond fashioꝛ: and soꝛ exercise, nature is so giuen to ease, that good qualities are almost out of vse: & soꝛ Vertue, poore Lady, she is scarce able to liue with her pension: but soꝛ studie, I haue little time, so much companie withoꝛaweth me: and soꝛ a booke, next the Bible, your Letter shall be my Libzary. And thus smiling at such Guls, as think no grace, but in a gay coate, noꝛ wit, but in a scale iest, noting many a begger like a King, & many a Loꝛd like a poore gentleman, seeing the truth of Solomon, in his cōclusion of all earthly comforts: that all vnder the Sunne is vanitie: meaning not to bee a seruant to a base humoꝛ, noꝛ to reach higher then I may hold fast: in thankfull kindnesse soꝛ thy carefull Letter, and faithfull affection to thy woꝛthy selfe, wishing thee so neare me, that I might neuer be from thee, I rest.

Thine what mine owne. N. B.

A mournfull Letter to a brother.

Good brother, the misery of my home life, & crofnes of my cruel soꝛtune, & the vnkindnes of my vnnaturall kin, haue made me so wearie of this woꝛld, & I long soꝛ nothing but my latest houre, & yet loth to dispaire of Gods mercies, willing to take any good course soꝛ my cōmoditie, I haue of late bin perswaded

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swaded by some of experience in their trauailes, into those parts, that my trauaile into the lowe countries would be much to my comodity, as well for my language as my skil in such traffique, as I would make vse of in those places: but my state being so down the wind, y^e I know not how to get by y^e weather, hauing no stock to lay out, to giue me hope to bring in, I wil euen set by my rest vpon my resolutiō of fortune, & thrust my self into some place of seruice, where I wil either win the horse, or lose y^e saddle: if I die mercy is my comfort: if I liue, desert is my hope: but to the helping forth of this my sorrowne spirit, good brother put to your hand, assuring your self, that I wil not lue to be vngatefull: for as my hart loneth you, my soule shall pray for y^e, and when I haue time to see you, I will not be from you. And thus agreed to charg you, neuer moze meaning to trouble you: beseeching God to enable me to requite you, in the true loue of a naturall brother: I rest

Yours as mine owne. N. B.

His Answer.

DEare brother, as I griue at your crosses, so would I that I could as well procure your comforts. But my state much inferior to my will, make me vnable to satisfie your expectation: yet will I hurt my selfe, rather then you should perish: for you shal receiue by this bearer, what I am able, and moze, as I shal be better able. But touching your courses for the low Countries, I feare your traffique will be but little gainfull, the wars so eate by the wealth of the countrie: and for your intent touching armes, I feare your forwardnes is too great for your experience. Yet do I so farre allow of your good mind herein, as I would lesse griue to heare of your honorable death abroad, then see your discontented life at home: and therfore for winning the horse, or losing the saddle, leaue that to Gods blessing, who wil bestow hono^r as it shal please his diuine prouidence: but good brother, haue patience with thy crosses, attend mercie for thy comforts, & haue a care of home, howsoeuer thou farest abroad: I know thy mind is great, but take heede of pride, lest it be a barre

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to all thy fortune, and ouerthrow of all thine honoꝝ: I see thou art wearie of the world, make then thy way towards heauen, that God, who hath tried thee with calamities, may blesse thee with eternall comforts. In hope whereof willing in all I can to helpe thee, praying hartily foꝝ thee, with my vnbrained hearts loue vnto thee, to the Lord of heauen I leaue thee.

Thy louing brother, D. S.

A Letter of a Iealous husband to his wife.

Wife, in as much kindnesse as I can, I aduise you to leaue such courses, as are neither to your credit, noꝝ my contentment: you know, much company, causeth many occasions of Iole speeches, & yong men are not in these daies, giue to speake the best of their kind frinds: trifles & toies, were better refused, then accepted, & time idely spent, brings but beggery. oꝝ a worse blot: of all the birds in the field, I loue not a Cuckee in my house: truly I doe not dissemble with you, your light behauiour doth much dislike mee, and how glad I would be to haue it reformed, you shall knowe when I see it. Shall I make you fine, to please an other, and displease my selfe? shall I leaue you my house, to make an hospitalitie of ill fellowship? Fit me not so with the soole, how euer you feede your selfe with a soule harmoꝝ: shake off such acquaintance, as gaine you nothing but discredit, and make much of him that must as well winter you as sommer you: Looke to your house, haue a care oꝝ uer your childezen, set your seruants to work, and haue an eie to the maine chance: leaue tatling gossipes, idle holswives, baine-headed fellows, and needlesse charge so wil God blesse you, and the world will thzine with you, your neighbours speake well of you, and I shall truly loue you. And thus, hoping that you wil by this my secret admonition, haue a care of your good carriage, I rest in hope of your well doing.

Your louing husband T. F.

Her

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Her cunning Answer.

Ho and, with as much patience as I can, I haue read ouer your vnwise Letter, wherein Jealousie:keepest such a stir, that loue doth but laugh at such Follies: much company diuines away idle thoughts, & for soles it is good to be afraid of had I wist: All thoughts beget ill speeches, & an old dog bites sooner then a young whelp: for beggary, let it fall vpon the slothfull, I know how to worke for my liuing: and for blots, I speak to scribblers, for I haue no skill in writing. Now for the bird, to answer you with the Beast: I thinke a Calfe in a Closet, is as ill as a Cuckoe in a Cage: If I were fullaine, you would sure suspect my humors, & do you mislike my merry behaviour: wel, your conceit may be deformed, in being so wrongfully informed, to haue me so suddenly reformed. My finenesse, is your countenance, & my conuersation your credit: and therfore do you shake off your lowly humors, I will make choise of better company your house will stand fast, if it fall not, & your chilozen be quieter then their Father: your seruants earne their wages, & the maine chance is nicked well inough: Women must talke when they meete, and men not be scozned, though not entertained: and hee that keepeth a house, must seeke to defraie the charge. And so hoping that you will leaue your Jealousie, and thinke of some matter of more worth, as careful of my carriage, as you of your credit, meaning to do as well as I can without your teaching, and as well, as if you were at home, I rest.

Your too much louing wife. I. F.

A Letter of kind Complements to a Friend.

Where I loue much, I speake little, for affection hath small pleasure in ceremonies: your kindnesse I haue found, my desert I dare not speak of, least it more offend my self to think on, then you to looke on: but since you haue made me happy in your acquaintance, let me not too long lacke

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your company, for though I live among many good neighbors, yet do I much want the comfort of so good a friend by whom I should not onely gaine the vse of time, but find the profit of my desire: which ioyning issue with your humors, cannot but so concur with your contentment, that if there be a paradise on y^e earth, I hope to find it in the faire passages of our loues, which grounded on vertue, & growing in kindnes, cannot chuse but be blessedly fruitful. In brief, til I see you, I will mourne; & if not the sooner, I shal languish: for my wishing & want cannot be satisfied with absence: hasten therfore your coming, & make your owne welcome: for what I haue or am, enter in the Rowle of your possesse, where, in the frehold of my loue, I assure the substance of my life. And so leauing complements, to tongue spirits, in the truth of an honest heart: I rest

*Yours, as you do and shall euer
know me. N. B.*

His Answer.

Sir, I haue receiued your kind Letter, and I find you very fine at your corner: you will speake, and say nothing: be eloquent in plainnesse: but you must not speake in the cloudes, to them that are acquainted with the Moone: & say what you will, I must beleue of my selfe what I list: for indeed, I know mine owne vniworthinesse, of your commendation, in which, I wil rather beare with your affection, then be conceited with your opinion. Yet, not to be either disdainful, or vngrateful, bee not so far deceiued in my disposition, that wherin my presence may pleasure you, I wil answer you with mine absence, noz long delaie yone expectation: for excuse, is but cold kindnes, and too much hast is not fit: therefore as soone as I conveniently can, I assure you you shal see me, and in full measure with your affection find me, to the vttermost of my power, rather in actio then protestation, during life: in faire weather or foule.

Yours as mine owne. W. R.

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A Letter of Loue to a Gentlewoman.

Faire Mistresse, to court you with eloquence, were as ill as to greene you with grosse humors: let it therefore please you, rather to beleue what I write, then to note how I speake: for my heart being fired in your eyes, hath bolwed my seruice to your beauty: in which, finding reasons admiration, can thinke but of nature in her perfection: in which, being raniſhed aboue it selfe, craueth of your fauor to be instructed by your kindnes: I mean no further then in obedience to your cōmandement: for if I be any thing my selfe, it ſhal be nothing moze then yours: and lesse then nothing, if not yours in all. I could commend you aboue the skies, compare you with the sun, or set you among the stars, figure you with the Phoenix, imagine you a Goddesse: but I wil leaue ſuch weake praiſing fictions, & thinke you onely your selfe, whose vertuous beauty, & whose honozable diſcretion, in the care of a little kindnes, is able to command the loue of the wiſe, & the labors of the honeſt, with the best of their indevours in the happineſſe of your imploimēt, to ſeeke the height of their fortune: thinke not therefore I flatter you in hope of fauour, but honour you in the deſert of wortineſſe: in which if you will vouchſafe to entertaine the ſeruice of my affection, what you ſhal find in my loue, I will leaue to your kindneſſe to conſider. In the care of which comfort, crauing pardon to my preſumption, I reſt humbly and wholly

Yours deuoted to be commanded. E. W.

Her Anſwere.

Sir, I haue heard ſchollers ſay, that it is Art to conceal Art, and that vnder a face of ſimplicitie, is hidden much ſubtiltie: of which, howe ſillie Women neede to bee afraid, I will leaue to wiſe men to conſider. And though I cannot in fine nor ſtile tearmes, anſwere the humour of your writing, yet after a plaine and homely ſaſhion, I will entreat you to
accept

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accept of my writing: Perfection and corruption, cannot meete together in one subject, & therefore my imagined beauty, being but a shadow of deceit, beloeue not your eyes, till they haue a better speculation: & for the inward parts of commendations I am perswaded, that wit is not worth any thing, that is ozawne into admiration of nothing: onely this, not vnkindly to requite your good thoughts of little worth, leauing fictions to idle fantasies, let me intreat you not to mistake your figures, & to honoꝛ a better substance then my vnworthie selfe. And yet, so far to assure your desert of my contentmēt that wherein I may conueniently counteruaile the care of your kindnes, excuse my indiscretion, if I faile of my desire: in which, wishing you more happinesse, then to be commaunded by my vnworthinesse, I rest as I may.

Your louing poore friend. M. W.

A Letter of scorne to a coy Dame.

Mistresse Fubbes, if you were but a little, faire I see you would be mightily proud, & had you but the wit of a gosse, you would surely hiss the Gander: but, being with as bad qualities as can be wished, as rich as a new shorne sheepe, I hope, fortune is not so mad, as to blesse you further then the begger: It is not your holy-day face put on, after the illfaououred fashion, can make your halfe Pole, but ougly in a true sight: and but that you are exceedingly beholding to the Tailoꝛ, you might be set vp for the signe of the Sea-Crabbe. Now, for your parentage, to helpe out the hope of all the rest, whe the tinkers sonne, & the Coblers daughter, met vnder a hedge at the milking of a Bull, within fortie weekes after, what sel out you know. Now, not too plainely to lay open the fowle members of a filthie carcasse, but as patiently as I can to keepe Decorum, in your description, let me tell you, that all this and much more, being true in your disgraces I cannot chuse but maruaile, that you mourne not to death in imagination, to thinke, that a monster in nature, can haue any grace in reason: but, let it be as it is. I haue
but

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but lost a little breath in talking to a deaffe ear, so I meane to take no moze travell to the subiect of so ill an obiect: & therefore meaning to make my farewel and beginning both you, both at one instant, leaving you to loath your selfe. no one, whom no creature can well be in loue withall: sozie that I ever saw you, and never moze intending to trouble you. In recompence of your course entertainment, I rest in all unkindnesse: this present and allwaies.

Yours as much as may be. T.E.

Her Answer.

Mistress Swash, it is not your hussy ruffie, can make me afraid of your bigge looks: so I saw the plaie of Ancient Pistol, where a craking coward was well cudgeled for his knauery: your railing is so nere y Kascal, that I am almost ashamed to bestow so good a name as the rogue vpon you: but for modesties sake, I will a little forbear you, & onely tell you, that a hanging looke, and a hollow heart, a cunning wit, & a corrupted conscience, make you so fit a mate for the diuel, that there is no christian wil desire your company: now for your state, it is much vpon fortune, which brings many of your fellows to a deadly fall, when the paine of their heads is onely healed with a halter: & for your lineage, when the bearewards Ape, and the hangmans moky met together on a hay mowe, what a whelp came of such a litter, let the world iudge, I say nothing: now for your stumpy feet, & your lame had, suting kindly with your wy neck, who would not make of their eyes, that could indure the sight of such a picture: now, your wealth being but a few words, which you haue almost all spent in idle humors, hoping that the Toztus will not quarell with the Crabbe, and that when ye haue slept vpon your Ale, you will get a medicine for your madness, till the Woodcocke do tell you how the Watcocke hath caught you leaving further to think on you, more the vtterly to loath you, glad that your entertainment was so much to your discontentment: In full measure with your malice, I rest

Yours as you see. A. W.

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A Letter to a fowle Dowdie.

Mistresse, I heare that you thinke your selfe faire, but you are much deceiued: for the Curriers Dyle, is but a course kind of painting: & for wit, how farre you are from vnderstanding, the wise can tell you: now, for qualities, where you learned them I know not, but if you could leaue the, twere wel: I wonder not a little, what madnes hath possessed your bzaines, that you can make so much of your selfe: are your eyes your own: or are they so sealed they can not see: get you to your prayers & leaue making of loue: for age & an euill sauour, had need to be helped with a good purse. I heare you studie Musique: indeede, when an Owle sings, the Nightingale will hold her peace: but for shame learne not to dance, for a barrel can but tumble: but if you would vse a medicine for your teeth, you might be the better to speake with in a morning: what ailes you to buy a Fan, except it be to hide your face: and till your hands be whole, you should weare but dogges leather for your gloues: In truth you abuse your selfe, that you keepe not your chamber, for none sees you but laughes at you, or at least loatheth to looke vpon you: be therefore content to do as I wish you, speake with none but by Atturney, leaue the painter to better pictures, & rather grieve at nature for framing of you, then think of any thing that may help you: your goods bestow on me for my counsel, and make sute to Death for your comfort. And thus hoping that being wearie of your selfe, you will hasten to your graue, I end.

Yours as you see, H. I.

Her Answere.

So, you may thinke your selfe wise, but you do not shew it: for railing words, are y^e worst testimonies of a good wit: for good qualities I thinke you know them not, nor can goe from the euill: but for madnesse, I thinke it sorteth best with your humour. For the helpe wherof, it were good that you were let blood in the bzaine: but for ill sight, who is so blinde as bold Baiard, that

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that will not see his owne folly: my prayers I will not forget to God, to blesse me from such soule spirits on the earth: & for loue, moze then Charitie, I hold you the furthest off in my thought: now knowing your pouerty, I wonder you wil speak of a purse: & for an illfaoured face, goe to Parish garden to your good brother: indeed your Croicon sanguine, is a most pure complexion: but for your Tabacco it is a good purge for your reume: for my Fan it keepes me some time from the sight of such a vizard, as your good face: and for my hands, I keepe my nailes on my fingers, though you cannot keepe your haire on your head now for laughing at soles, you are provided for a Corcombe, & for loathing an ill countenance, let the hangman draw your picture: be therefore contented to be thus answered, speake wisely, or hold your peace, & be not busie with your betters, least you know the nature of had I wist: so, hoping that you will be so weary of the world, that you wil hang your self for a medicine, to heale your wits of a melancholy, I wil bequeath you a halter vpon free cost, at your pleasure: and so I rest

Your friend for such a matter. F. P.

A Letter for the preferring of a Seruant.

Knowing your necessarie vse of a good seruant, and remembering your late speech with me touching such a matter, I thought good to commend vnto you in that behalf the bearer hereof W. T. a man whose honest secrecie, & careful diligence, vpon a reasonable trial, wil soon make proofe of his sufficiency: his parentage is not base, nor his disposition vile, but in all parts requisite in one of his place: such a one, as I am perswaded wil fit your turne: if therefore at my request you wil entertaine him, I doubt not but you wil thanke me for him: for I was glad to get him for you, & hope to heare he wil much content you: & therefore I wil not trouble you with longer circumstances, leaving his seruice to your good regard, and my loue, to your like commandement, in affectionate good will, I rest

Yours ener assured. N. B.

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The Answer.

Sir, I haue receiued both your Letter and the bearer, both which I will make much of for your sake: for in the one I will often see you, and in the other remember you: your commendation of him, argueth your knowledge, a sufficient warrant for his worth, which I will as kindly, as thankfully thinke on: his countenance I like wel, and his speech better, and for the performance of my expectatiō, am the better perswaded of his discretion: when I see you, you shall know how I like him: in the meane time, he shall find that I wil loue him: for all things necessarie for his present vse, I find him sufficiētly furnished: but if I find his want, it shall be soone supplied. So thanking you for sēding him, and wishing you had come with him, remaining your kind debter till a good occasion of requitall, with my hartie commendations, I commit you to the Almighty.

Your very louing friend, R. T.

A Letter of counsell to a friend.

My best appressed, & worthiest beloved Philo, I heare by some of late come frō Venice, that seeme to be somewhat inward in thy acquaintance, that thou art of late, fallne into an amorous humioꝝ, especially with a subiect of too much vnworthinesse: a newes, that (knowing thy spirit) I could hardly beleue, but vpon solemne affirmation, I was loze to heare: for beauty, without wealth, is but a beggerly charme, and honour without vertue, is but a title for a Title: hath she a glib tongue? it is pittie she hath no better wit: is she witty? it is a sorrow, it is no better bestowed: for the craft of one woman, is the cōfusiō of many a man: doth she say she loues thee? beleue her not: nay, doth she loue thee? regard it not: for it is a iewel of so little worth, as will giue but losse in the buying: I feared the plague had taken hold of thy lodging: but thou art peppered with a world of infection: thy studie is infected with idlenes, thy braine
with

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with dizziness, and thy spirit with madness. Oh leaue these fol-
lies, thinke loue but a dreame, and beauty a shadow, and solly a
witch, and repentance a miserie: wake out of thy sleepe, and call
thy wittes together, be not sotted with an humoꝝ, noꝝ slave to
thy selfe-will: leaue courting of a Curtizan, and keepe thy bzeath
foꝝ a better blast: saue thy purse foꝝ a better purpose, and spend
thy time in moꝝe pꝛofit: let not the wise laugh at thee, and the
honest lament thee: foꝝ my selfe, how I griene foꝝ thee, I would
I could tell thee: but let thus much suffice thee: beleue no-
thing that she saith, care foꝝ nothing that she doth, noꝝ giue her
any thing that she wants: see her, but to purge melancholy: talke
with her, but to sharpen witte: giue her, but to be rid of her com-
pany: and vse her but accoꝝding to her condition, so shalt thou
haue a hand ouer those humoꝝs, y would haue a head, ouer thy
heart: and be maister of thy sences, by the vertue of thy spirit:
otherwise, Will hauing gotten the bit in his teeth, wil runne a-
way with the bzidle: and Reason, being cast off, may neuer sit
well againe in the saddle: but why do I vse these perswasions
foꝝ the remoue of thy passions? If thou be soundly in, thou wilt
hardly get out: but if thou be ouer shoes, thou maist be saued frō
dꝛowning: well, whatsoeuer I heare, I hope the best, but to a-
noide the worst, I haue pꝛesumed out of my loue, to send thee the
fruit of my affection. In which, if my care may do thee comfort,
I shall thinke it a great part of my happinesse: howsoeuer it be,
I commit the consideration to thy kindnesse. And so till I heare
from thee, which I daily long foꝝ: I rest

Thine as his owne,

N. B.

C 3

Hls

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His Answer.

Gentle Millo, I haue receiued thy most kind & careful Letter, a messenger of thy most honest loue, who hath told me no lesse then I wholly beleue: that loue in idlenesse, is the very entrance to madnesse: but yet, though I wil thinke on thy counsel, giue me leaue a litle, to go on along with conceit: where of let me tel thee my opinion. Beauty without wealth is little worth: but being a riches in it selfe, how can it be poorly valued: and honour, being but the state of vertue, how can you plucke a tittle out of her title: the tongue is the instrument of wit, and wit the approuer of discretion: where if Reason be grained, nature may be admired: now for words they haue their substance, and loue is not to be abused: for it is a Jewel well knowne, that is worthy his price: infections are euery where, and iealousie a most cruel plague: but rid thy selfe of that diseale, and feare not my health in the other: rconceit is a kind of dizinesse, which worse tormented then with idlenesse, is troubled with too strong a madnesse: but hee that is vnwise had need to be reformed: and he that laughes at an imperfection, may sal himself vpon the sole: now for a mad dreame, or an imagined witch, a conceited sleepe, or an intreated waking, I must confesse they are pretty humors, & wil thinke of their errors: now for sotting and flauery & for courting in knauery, be perswaded, that time wil imploy my purse to a better purpose: then grieue not for me, but onely loue mee, and let that suffice mee: and for thine aduice in seeing, talking, and giuing, feare not the bad. I will of my folly: for hee that is maister of himselfe, shal not neede to his mistresse; and therefore he that cannot ride, let him leaue the saddle: for Reason hath a power ouer Will, where Will is but a seruant to Nature: in the certainty of which course, intending so to lay my hand on my heart, that I wil feare no hornes on my head, with many thanks for my kind perswasions hoping thou wilt take no exceptions at my constructions, intreating thee to beleue of me no more then thou needest, and to loue

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loue me as thou doest, in the faith of that affection, that holdes thee deare to my loue, I rest: during life,

Thine obliged and diuoted. W. B.

A Letter of comfort to a sister in sorrow.

DEARE sister, I heard lately of your husbands departure for the Indies, when with no little sorrow I consider your heavy case: in which, finding his wâts to be grieuous, and your friends cold in comfort, I could not chuse, without unkindnes, but remēber these few lines of my loue vnto you: I know your state is weake, how faire soeuer you make your weather: but the more is your patience woorthy honour, that can so nobly conceale your discontentments: for my self, I would I were able to doe you good: but what I haue, or can procure, shal not faile to doe you pleasure: but if your mind be too great to stoupe, to be beholding, what I am able to doe, take a Rutie in my brothers loue: good sister therefore be of good chēre, and put your care vpon me, I will see you often, and loue you euer: for a creature of your worthin: he is seldome found in your sexe: that for her husbands loue will aduenture the state of her liuing: your childzen are not many, but such as are shal be mine, and you to me as my selfe: take therefore as little thought, & as much comfort as you can: no doubt but God that trieth his seruants, wil blesse them: hope then of my brothers happie returne, and till he come commaund me shortly God willing you shal see me, in the meane time let me entreat you kindly to except this little token of my greater loue, which is but assurance of a beginning of my affections neuer ending, in which p̄dicament of true friendship, I rest euer assured,

Your very louing sister,

E. W.

Her

A Packer of Letters.

Her answer.

Sweet sister, I haue receiued your kind letter and louing to-
ke, for both which, I am your thankful debtoz: but touching
which husband, though his wants were grieuous, yet to
want him, is my greatest sorrow: for in the stay of his loue, was
the state of my liuing: I am sozie that you knowe my weake-
nesse, and wish it but in strength to answer your kindnesse: but
good sister, though I am willing to conceale my crosses, to be be-
holding to so honourable a spirit, I count it not the least of
my happinesse. Therfore, though I had deuoted my selfe to soli-
tarinesse in his absence, your companie shal be to me as light in
darkenesse: and noting the nature of your kindnes, wil ener be
beholding to your loue: come then to me when you will, & com-
mand me what you wil, for I wil be as good & you wil: my chil-
dren are my woordes ioyes, & my heart Jewels, in whole faces
I will behold their father, in whole loue I will spend my life:
so in a merie goe sozie, greiuing for his absence, & wishing your
pzeence, praying for his happy returne, your health, and mine
own patience, that in too much passion of affection, I sal not bp-
on indiscretion, with most hearty thankfull loue, I commend
my life to your commandement.

Yours affectionately bound,

E. G.

A Letter of loue to a faire Mistresse.

Faire Mistresse, to trouble you with a long circumstance, I
might perhaps feare you with the losse of time, and to make
an end ere I begin, might argue little care in my conceit; but to
auoid both suspitions, let me a little entreat with your patience,
to persue in a few words, the summe of a long tale; in which, the
truth of loue, to the latest houre of death, protesteth y ioy of his
life,

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life, but in the fruite of your fauour, of which the thought of his vnworthinesse, doth too much shewe his unhappinesse. Time makes me too brief, but in your wisdom is my hope of vnderstanding, that in my trial you may trust me, & by desert esteeme me: in which, if I deceiue your expectation, let me die in the miserie of your disdaine. Thus not to flatter you with a faire stile in the state of your worthy commendation, beseeching to be commanded by the kinde care of your discretion, in the bandes of auowed seruice, I humbly rest,

Yours alwaies assured,

R. O.

The Answer.

So, as I would be loth to be thought proud, I would as vnwillingly be found idle: either to beleeue too wel of my selfe, or, not to haue a respect of other: Truth is sildome masked with smooth words, and loue is not bzied, but vpon great contentment: your liking may be greater then my desert, and so alter vpon a better consideration: but mistake not your happinesse, in my fauours vnworthinesse, where the best of my commandement, may be the least of your contentment. Your consideration of time may excuse my shortnesse of writing, where in a word you may vnderstand, that in deede I intend: that Truth is honourable in loue, & vertue the fairest toy in affection: in which, if I not misconstrue your conceit, I wil answere the care of your kindnesse: in which, according to the due of desert, you shal finde the effects of your desire. And so for this time I rest

Your poore friend,

A. T.

D

A

A Packet of Letters.

A Letter of counsaile from a kinde Father.

My deare sonne, you must not from your Father looke for a flattering loue, nor take it unkindly, that I suspect your ill courses: for I haue passed the dangerous time that you now are in, and haue hardly gone through the byers: and therefore in a iealous feare, from an inward care, I cannot chouse but giue you warning of what may prejudice your good. Beauty is a bewitching object, and wantonnesse is the ruine of wit: prodigalitie quickly makes a poore man, and he is onely rich that liues contented. But my good Sonne, aboue all things serue God, and keepe a cleane conscience, passe not the limits of allegiance, nor build Castles in the aire, take heed of extremities, for they are out of the course of discretion, and the fruite of Ignorance yelds but the sorrow of repentance: young men may be witty, but sildome wise: and sometime, though Art be a great perfecter of experience, yet obseruation is better then conceited cunning. Expence is necessarie vpon occasion, and hope is not amisse vpon desert: but Reason sometime is more regarded, then rewarded, where Will is too powerfull to be resisted. I heare that you are much giuen to Alchymistry, it is a studie of great charge to many, and profiteth fewe: yet I forbid you no good labour, so that you lose not by the bargaine: Use therefore a care in the imployment of your time, & wherein my help may further your good, seek no other friend for your comfort. For though I would not wish you to disdaine my kindnesse, yet would I haue you as little as you may to be beholding to any man: for the prodigal are commonly talkatiue, and the contentious negatiue: and what a grieve it is to want, I pray God you neuer knowe. Any qualitie in a mediocritie, I gladly allowe you, but let not your loue be carried away with any idle imagination. I haue sent you a hundred Crownes, wel may you vse them, and when you neede any more, send to me for them: for your affection touching marriage, I would it were bestowed as I could wish it: howeuer it bee, it shall bee much amisse if

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I mislike it. I haue sent you likewise a Horse, now and then to manage in a morning: but I pray you forbear to vse him as a hackney to ride vp and downe the streets in idle humors. Conuerse with no scollers, for you shal lose time with them: and take heed of knaues, for there is much to be feared in them. Long not after newes, least you be gild with a Jeast: and take heed of drunkenness, for it is a beastly humor. Make much of thy money, and abuse not thy friend: be careful of thy selfe, and forget not thy Father, whose earthly ioy is but in y hope of thy happiness, and whose deadly sorrow would be to see thee do amisse. What shall I say more to thee: thou knowest I loue thee, and onely in my loue am thus carefull ouer thee. Accept then my admonitions, and ponder vpon the constructions, they may hap to do thee good, but harme they can do thee none: Use them therfore for thy best auaille. After the Terme, the vacation wil cal thee into the Countrey, where knowing thy Fathers house, thou maist make thine owne welcome, Til when, and allwaies, I will pray for thee, that God wil so blesse thee, that I may haue ioy in thee.

Your louing Father. H. W.

A kinde Answer of a louing sonne.

My deare Father, as I will not flatter my selfe with your loue, so can I not but ioy in your kindnes: whose carefull counsell within the compasse of so few words, I wil lock vp in my hart, as the best iewel of my life: for to serue God, is the dutie of a Christian, and no longer let mee liue, then in the care of that comfort. A cleane conscience I finde like a cleane paire of shertes, where the soule after labors may take a safe place of rest: to passe the limits of alliegeance, merits the losse of life, and he is bozne unhappie that is unnaturall to his country: and aiery castles, are but made mens imaginations: I knowe extreames are not durable, nor often profitable: and repentance a paiment, that pincheth the heart of vnderstanding.

I find the instruction of the aged, to be the best directiō of the

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youthful, & obseruation with experience to make the perfection of art: the necessitie of Experience cannot be avoided, but the hope of desert may be deceived: for while Will stands for iudgement, there is no holding of argument: touching Alchymistry, I heare much, but beleue little: and for the charge, I wil not waste your land, to make a new mettall: but if by my industry I can doe good, I wil take the benefite of Time: for qualities, I thanke your large allowance, the best meanes with labour to attaine them: for Teachers, are worthy their rewards: to be beholding I loue not, & hate to be vngateful: But as I follow not the prodigal, I haue little pleasure in the couetous: and for idle imaginations, I can vse them as fictiōs: for your crownes, I humble thanke you, and hope to bestow them to your liking: Your Horse wil do me much pleasure, & cause me to see you the sooner. For galloping the streets, it is like children vpon Hobby-horses: but giddy heads haue such humors, that God knoweth what wil become of them: for marriage, though the course be honourable, yet could I be content to forbear it, though in the direction of my affection, I wil bee much ruled by your discretion: Foles cannot vnderstand me, and knaues wil but trouble mee: but from the company of such ill conditions, the Lord of heauen deliuer me: good newes come neuer too soone, nor badde too late, and therfore as they are, I wil esteeme them: for drunkenesse neuer doubt me, for it is most loathsome to my nature: and for my mony, though it bee my seruant, I wil hold it as my good friend: for my friend, hee shal bee my selfe; but my Father my hearts loue, and my lifes comfort: in whose careful admonitions, how kind I finde thy instructions, the obedience of my duty, shal make knowne to your contentment: the vacation is nere, & I wil not be long from you, where finding you wel, shal be my best welcome: so thinking my selfe blest in the heauens, to haue so good a Father on the earth, beseeching God to make me ioyful in your eyes, by the graces of his mercies, in prayer for your long health, with your hearts euer happinesse; In all humble thanks, I take my leave

Your obedient sonne, T. W.

A Mer.

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A Merchants Letter to his
Factor.

As I haue reposed trust in your care, I looke for your per-
formance of my credit: your ability in managing such mat-
ters as I haue committed to your charge, I make no doubt
of: and therfore hoping in your discretion to heare of my expec-
ted contentment, I wil looke by your next letters to heare of the
summe of my desire: in the meane time let me tell you, that I
haue sent you ouer foure score broad cloathes, & thirty Carzies,
with such other commodities as I thinke fit for your vse in thole
parts, I pray you make your best market, and take heed of
your Creditors: for I heare there are men reputed of great
wealth, in suspition to play banquerupts: haue therfore a care
of your businesse, your trauels shall not be vnconsidered: your
French Wines I heare this yeare are very small, and your
Gascoigne Wine very deare, Wines cheape: but you know
your markets, and so I hope you will haue care in disbursing
your money, for it is hardly come by, and as this world goes,
doth much in great matters: if there be any Pelses of worth,
acquaint me with them, & in any wise, do not trouble me with
vntruthes: your Cousen tells mee that you are in good regard
with the Governour, for certaine cloathes that you lately be-
stowed on him, he told me the cause, & therein I commend your
discretion: for sometime it is better to giue then to saue, when it
turneth to aduantage. In summe, let this suffice you without
further circumstance, you haue my loue, and my purse, I pray
haue a care of them both: so till I heare from you, I rest

Your louing Maister,

W. H.

D 3

His

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His Answer,

Sir, I beseech you mistrust not your trust, nor haue any fear of my care: for, hauing both your loue and your purse, how can the one let me forget the other? So sir, be you assured howsoeuer baquers play banqueront, sure patrones wil deceiue no credite: and touching such affaires as I haue in charge, doubt not your expectation of my dispatch: your cloathes I haue receiued, and like them very wel, your Carzies are very good, I would you had sent moze of them, for they are much in request, and wel sold. I haue by good happe met with a hundred Tunne of Gascoigne Wines vpon a good market, as you may know by my note. Wines are good, and good cheape, and therfore I haue sent you the greater stoe of them, on the factes you shal finde my marke, with two letters of your name. I haue sent you likewise, a Tunne of Cuchiniles, which I bought by a great chance, the price you shal finde in my note with the rest. By the next Poste you shal heare what I neede: in the meane time hauing no intelligence of worth, loth to trouble you with trifles, glad to performe that dutie that your kindnesse hath bound me too, wishing to liue no longer, then to discharge the office of an honest care, praying for your long health, and euerlasting happinesse: I humbly take my leaue.

Your faithfull seruant, C. B.

A Letter of Challenge.

Mistonges are so many, as may no longer be digested, and your excuses so idle, as I will henceforth despise them: for your words are but wind, & therfore I am wearie of them: and therfore if you bee not of so cold a complexion that you dare not maintaine your reputation, meete me to morrow early in the morning, in some fields a mile out off Towne, and bring with you such Armes as you do ordinarily carie: assigne your place, and houre, and faile not your appointment, that

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that God the Judge of right, may determine of our wrongs,
and the point of the sword may put a period to our discourses.
Thus, hauing blown ouer an idle paper, with a few last words
of my intent, answere me as I expect, or heare of me as it will
fal out. In haste,
Your enemy to the death, T. P.

The Answer.

What you haue writtē to me, I returne vpon your self,
as loth to loose time in answere of such idlenesse: if you
durst goe alone, I would go with you, but let it suffice
you, that I know you, and therfore meane not to trust you, but
bzing a friend with you, & I am ready for you: come to my lod-
ging as early as you will, & though I would be loth to bzeake a
sleepe for you, yet I wil take a little paine to answere you: and
for the field, we wil cast lots for the place; wher God, and a good
conscience will quickly determine the quarell: but I feare, the
point of the sword wil make a comma to your cunnting: which
if it doe, you shal find what will follow. And so leauing further
words, wishing you to be as good as your word, I end.

Yours, as you mine, H. W.

A merrie Letter, or Newes of complaints.

Honest George, mine old schoolefellow, and kinde friend,
glad to heare of thy home quiet, how euer I fare with my
farre trauell: whereas thou writest vnto me, for such
Newes as this place yeelds, let me tell thee, that there are so
many, and so few of them true, that I dare almost write none;
only this, vpon my knowledge, I dare deliuer thee: that of late
in this cittie, there are a number of complaints, euery houre in
the day, but all to little purpose. The souldier complaines either
of peace, or penurie: the Lawier either of lack of Clients, or cold
cases: the Merchants of smal trafficke, or ill fortune: the Trades-
man of lack of Chapmen: the labourers of lack of worke: the
poore men of lack of charitie, and the rich men of lack of mony:
the

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the thēse of lack of booties: and the hangman, that his trees are bare: in briebe, if I should tell thee of all the complaints that I heare of, aswel among y^e Feminine, as Masculine gender how some old women crie out of young vnthrifts, and some young wenches complaine of old mizers: How some cōplaine of their customers, and some other of their neighbours, it were such a world of idle stuff, as would but trouble thee in the reading: but since their complaints are al to littl^e purpose, for that souldiers are but for extremities though honourable in their exploits, and Lawiers, are some troublesome except vpon agreēmēt of cōtroversies, though iudges are worthy hono^r in execution of iustice: and merchants may beare with fortune, when their coffers are full of coyne, though in respect of their trafficke, they are the maintenance of the Common-wealth: and Tradesmen may sell cheape, when their best wares are al vttered, though it is necessarie, that they be set on worke for the maintenance of the state: & labourers may rest, when their Harneſt is in, though it be needful to set them to worke for the auoiding of idlenesse: beggers may hold their peace, whē they haue filled the patches of their profession, though it is not amisse to relieue them for the exercise of charitie: now the rich men may shugge their shoulders, when they haue no vse for their bags, though sometime it be requisit rather to be sparing, then prodigal: and for the thief, let him sigh till the hangman do helpe him: and for the hangman let him mourne, for hēe is sure the Diuell lies in waite for him; and therefore let the old mezil man, and the young titte moult, I can not help them, but as I heare of their cōplaints, I haue written thee the contents which being scarce worth the reading, I leave to thy worl^d bſing. And so sorry that I haue no matter of worth, wherewith better to fitt thine humo^r, in as much kindnesse as I can, I commend my loue to thy cōmandement: and so I rest

Thine euer as his owne, W. P.

The

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The Answer of the laugh.

My good wag, I see trauel hath not so altered thine humoꝝ,
 but thou wilt euer be thy selfe with thy friends : foꝝ thy
 kind letter I thanke thee, and as kindly as I can, will re-
 quite thee: as you are there full of sorow, we are here full of
 mirth: foꝝ in euery place there is nothing so comon as laughing:
 one laughs at an other: the wise man laughs at the foole, to see
 the nature of his imperfections: and the foole laughs at the wise
 man, because nature lets him knowe none of his sorowes: the
 rich man laughs at the poore, to see the maner of his life: and the
 poore man laughs at the rich, to see the miserie of his care: the
 faire laughs at the sowle, to see how they are despised: and the
 sowle laugh at the faire, to see how they are troubled: the honest
 laugh at the knaue, to see how he shifts with the world: and the
 knaue laughs at the honest, to see how his simplicity is abused:
 foꝝ particulars, how any one laughs at the other, either the old
 at the youthfull, oꝝ they at the aged, I dare say nothing: but wert
 thou here, and I had not the moze cause of sorow, we would
 laugh a little together, to looke at the laughter of this world: but
 they say, he may laugh that winnes, at least til he lose againe:
 but the natures of their laughing are diuers and very strange,
 foꝝ some laugh so loude that they are noted foolish: some laugh
 so wide, that they shame their mouthes with lack of teeth: and
 some laugh so cunningly, that they smother it vp in a smile: but
 let them laugh til they be wearie, it is a good world when men
 are merrie. Which hoping thou art, so praying thou maiest be,
 that when we kindly meete, we may commune better of these
 conceits, wishing thee al contentment, and my selfe the hap-
 pinesse of thy good company, til I see thee and euer, I rest: one
 and the same.

Thine as thou knowest.

R. W.

e

A

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A Letter to a friend for Newes.

Couzen, I knowe you that liue abroad in the world, cannot but heare of newes every day, which we here in the countrey would be glad now and then to be acquainted with: your labour will not be much in wꝛiting, & for your kindnesse, it shal not be vnrequited: we haer much murmuring of many things, but little truth of any thing: but frō you that know, I would be glad to learne. That is a speēch among some idle Astronomers, that the Man in the Moone hath salne in loue with a Star, and walking thꝛough y clouds, was almost dꝛowned in the water: and that the tūblers of the soꝛrest haue spoiled a nūber of black Conies, so that Rabbots are so deare, that a poore man may be glad of a peece of mutton. It is said here with vs in these parts, that you of the city are much troubled with a new disease: truly we haue reasonable good health, but that there are such plagues in diuers houses, what with shꝛelod wiues, and euil husbands, stubboꝛne childꝛen, & wicked seruants, that many honest men cannot liue in quiet with their neighbours. Though the spring be not very soꝛward, yet ther is great encrease of many things, especially of childꝛen, which how they may answere the law, I wil not greatly stand vpon. Thus hauing no matter of momēt wherewith at this time to trouble you, entreating you that I may shoꝛtly heare from you, I rest, in much affection,

Assuredly yours, R. T.

His Answer.

My good Couzen, to answer your kind letter, if there were any thing here woꝛth the wꝛiting, I would not haue bin so long silent: but such are the occurrents in these places, as are either not woꝛth the noting, oꝛ better vnspokē then wꝛitten: for loue in youth is so full of idlenesse, and malice in age so malicious, that vertue is so hid in coꝛners, that there is litle oꝛ nothing

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nothing spokē of her account. For the mā of the moone, I leaue him to waight on the Sun, but if he haue a mind to any starre, I leaue him to follow the owlight: for his watery element, since it is all in cloudes, let it hang in the Ayze, I wil not meddle with his louing Astronomy. For Connies, I am no warrener, & therefore let them that haue the keeping of the grounds, looke to their game: I haue smal sport in such idlenesse: but for a pece of mutton, a yong lambe is worth fīue old Connies, and he that is not glad of such a feast, let him fast for his dinner. For our new disease, it is with many men in the head, and womē in the tongue, seruants growe great libertines, & childezen are sicke of the parents: & for neighbours, ther is so much loue in the streets, that ther is almost none in the houses: & therefore besides other ordinarie diseases, wē want no plagues to make vs looke into our sins. But God amend all, for one scarce mend another: and therefore entreating you to haue patience with me til the next weeke, when you shal heare of the best Pewes that come to my hands, I rest: in bounden good wil,

Yours as mine owne, N. R.

A dissuading from marriage.

Sweet Cousen, I am soꝝy to heare, that being so wel at ease, you wil cosin your selfe of your quiet: & for want of a worlde hell, you wil put your selfe in purgatorie with a wife: but it it may be that I speake in time, heare what I say: If she be faire, it may breed icalousie: if soule, dislike, and change: if rich, take heed of pride: if poore, miserie: if young, beware the wanton: if old, take heed of the Weloame: if wise, she wil gouerne thee: if foolish, she wil fret thee: how deare soeuer she loue thee, she will sometime or other, either crosse or flatter thee: & therefore, if thou wilt be ruled by a friēd, let neither old nor yong, faire nor soule trouble thee: beleue me, as I haue read, these are the properties of most wines: to weaken strength, to trouble wit, to empty purses, and to breed humors: but if I be deceiued in my reading, or mine Authoꝝ in his wꝛiting, either in altering your course,

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course, or prouing your comfort, tel me your minde when we meete. Til when, wishing you continuance of that quiet, wherein you now liue, or the true contentment of the best loue: leaving to your discretion, the managing of your affection, I comit you to the Almightye.

Thine euer as his owne, T. W.

The Answer.

Good counsell, I find your kindnes aboue your knowledge, in mistaking paradise for purgatory: for a wife is þ wealth of the minde, and the welfare of the heart: where the best iudgement of Reason findes discretions contentment. May be is a doubt: but what is, must be regarded, in which sense I am pleased: where youth with beautie, and wit with vertue, haue power to command, there kindnesse must obey. Pouerty I feare not, and wealth I seeke not: but it sufficeth me to seeke no other fortune, for the summe of my worlds happines: where the auoiding of euil, & the hope of good, makes me know moze comfort the you are able to conceiue, til you enter into that course, wherein the ioy of loue is the second blessednes of this life. What shal I say, but that I know not what to say, to expresse the perfection of this pleasure, that puts downe all idle imaginations: from which, hoping to see thee remoued, when I next see thee. Will then and euer, I rest

Thine as thou knowest, B. D.

A kind of Letter of a Creditor for mony.

Sir, I pray you take it not unkindly, that I write thus earnestly vnto you: for moze necessitie, then wil hath bged me vnto it: my mony is not much, & you wel, able to discharge it: my losses by sea, and il Creditozs by land, make me straine curtesie with my friends, for their good helpe in an extremitie, yet do I desire nothing but my due: but as I was ready to lend,

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I would be glad to receiue: with that fulnesse of good wil, that may continue our kindnes. I write not this, as doubting your discretion, but to intreate your patience, if your purse be not in tune: soz were I as I haue bene, and hope to be, I had rather beare too long, then aske too soone, especially of so good a friend, as I haue alwaies found of your selfe. Consider therefore of my case, & in your kindnes answere me: Time is pretious, & therefore least by disappoyntment, I be disfurnished, & so perhaps discredited, I pray you speede your answere: which, howsoeuer, shal be welcome: and therefore earnestly intreating you, to help me now, that I may y better quit your kindnes hereafter, with many thanks for your great fauours, which cannot be forgottē to be deserved: I take my leaue, further at this time to trouble you, but wil rest in what I shal be able euer to pleasure you, to make you know how much I loue you,

Your louing friend at command, T. R.

The debtors Answer.

Sir, your request is so reasonable, and your kindnes so much, that for a greater matter then your demā, if my purse were not in tune, I would straine my credit very farre for you: beare then with my a little forgetfulness of my day, and think it no trouble to my patience, to be put in mind of my credit: your sea losses I am sorie for, and wish your recovery by lād. Debtors that wil not pay, make creditors they cannot lea: but for my selfe, to make you know, how much interest you haue in my affection, let mee tel you, that though by some vnerpected expenses, I am short of my hoped reckoning, yet vpon the receipt of your Letter, I haue bene thus careful for you: your money I haue sent you, & as much moze for so long time, I wil lend you; which you shal receiue of this bearer, and in my Letter, the day of paimēt: which if it may pleasure you so much as I wish you, I am glad I had it for you: howsoeuer it fal out, vse it to your owne discretion: and so farre be alwaies assured of my loue, that

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my word and deed shal be all one in your comfort. And so leaving ceremonious complements, in unfained good wil, I rest;
Alwaies to my uttermost power,

Yours as mine owne, D. W.

A Letter of Newes.

TO performe my promise in my last Letter, my kinde and best Couzen, you shal vnderstand, of such occurrents, as I heare goe currant for truth: I heare there are certaine old people, that speake much of Prophecies, where they set it downe for a certaine rule, that this yeare, and many to come, he that wants money in his purse, and a friend in the court, may walke in the Countrie, and picke strawes for his comfort: for the lawe is verie dangerous for begging: and Charitie is so cold, that the poore must starue, rather then the rich wil want. Old men shal neuer be yong againe in this world, and beauty in a yong woman, will not let her know her selfe. Honesty without wit, will die on the soles, and craft without credit, will labour to little purpose. In summe, there wil be a great plague among the poore with lack of money, among soles for lack of wit, and knaues, for lacke of honestie: but it may be Nature may alter her course in many things, & Prophecies may fall out in contrarieties. Howsoeuer it be, welcome that comes in Gods name: and so, hoping thou louest no legerdemaine, nor wilt be led away with blind Prophecies, writing this onely for exercise of a merry humour, I rest,

Thine what mine, P. R.

The Answer.

Such idle prophets as you meet with, haue such kind of matter as you write of: but let the world wagge as it list, there is not a truer wagge in the world then thy selfe: and were it not, that I feare my letter would come to light, I would answer you

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you in your kind. But to be short, let me tel you, that lawes are good to take order with such outlawes, as after prodigalitie, put themselves vpon Charitie. And yet to crosse your rule of little experience, old men may haue yong humors, faire wenches put wise men to their wittes: & honestly, may thzine with a meane trade, when a craftie knaue may lose by his cunning broking. As for the plague, I feare me it is neuer from you: for if neighbours agree, yet their wiues may fall out: & while the poore fret, and the rich frown, there is little hope of health, wher the world is so out of quiet. And therfore hoping y you haue wit inough, to beware the knaue & the fool, & to make your choise of best company: wishing your continuance of your good humour, with thanks for your waggish Letter, I rest, in our old league,

Yours as mine owne, R. W.

A Letter of perswading to marriage.

DEare couzen, I do not a little wonder at your solitary life, & more at your little care to match your selfe in marriage with some virgin worthy your loue: wil you leave the world without memorie of your name, your inheritance to no issue of your owne honour, and runne a course of too little comfort: He thinketh, that your knowledge of the diuersitie of varieties should settle your content vpon some speciall vertue: what if some women be aged, some are yonthful, and some forward; other may be kind: and some wanton, there are better staied: and some sullaine, some are louing: & is there none can fit your humor? God forbid: the law of Nature, the law of Reason, the Lawe of God doth wil it, that loue bzeede encrease by a vertuous coninnction, which cannot be perfozmed, without the honor of this course. Bastards wil be witnesses of their parents wickednes, when naturall children are the ioy of their fathers: and a true louing wife, is worth a thousand wilde walkers: her care in the house, her kindnes at the Table, & her comfort in the bed, are pleasures better conceined then exprested: fall then a
boze

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word with such a Bird, as you may hold for your Phoenix, and thinke thy mind at best liberty, when it is free from the bands of folly. In fine, let me intreate thee to make thy house a home, thy wife thy worlds loue, & thy children thine earths ioy: which as I hope thou wilt be glad to haue, I shall be glad to see. For good speed whereof, in hartie prayer I rest

Thy louing Cousen, R. W.

His Answer.

My kind Cousen, I see you are better red then experienced: for Batchellers wiues, and Maidens children, are pretie things to play withal: but he that knowes many dangers, wil take heed of al. A wife is an euerlasting substance, which if it be not of the better nature, is a perillous thing to meddle withal: for if it catch hold of the hands, it may put the heart to a sore paine: and the Phoenix is such a figure, as if I must find her in a woman, I feare me I must seeke a great way for her. For the Lawes that you speake of, I yeeld to truth: but lone is so nice an humour, that he sildome settles in a place: for Baskards, I loue not the breede: and better children will doe wel when they come: For bedde and word, and those trickes, let them ioy in them that haue them, when I finde time I wil thinke on them: in the meane time, moze at quiet in my lodging with a friend, then perhaps I may be at home: with a wife, not for swearing marriage, nor poasting to purgatorie, in stead of mistaken paradise: wishing thy prayers for my better happinesse, then louers idlenesse, and if I doe marrie to be kindly matched: I rest

Thine as mine owne,

D. L.

A Let-

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A Letter of vnkindnesse vpon a deniall of a Curtesie.

If my deserts had not exceeded my desire, I would haue hated the nature of my humoz, which loues nothing lesse then to be too much beholding: my request was not much, and the grant but easie: howsoeuer for ill fashion, the excuse may be cunningly framed: but though I conceiue vnkindnesse in this course, I can rather grieve then be angrie: for I will mistrust my wit, til I see too much of my sorrowe: and loue my friend, though I be plaine with his patience: be content therefore rather to let me tel you of my discontent, then to couer a dissimulation, and to wishe your better regard of my affection, which in denying a trifle, may loose a greater benefite: but not to goe too farre in impatience, let me thus growe to an ende: Friendship once grounded is not easily remoued: and therefore being assured of my loue, beare with my dislike: and wherin I may better pleasure you, doubt not the ill requital of vnkindnesse: for I can chide & not be angrie, and better loue you then tel you so. And so intreating your reasonable answer for my satisfaction, I rest: all displeasure set apart,

Your louing friend, N. S.

His Answer.

Your humorous kinde of writing, puts me to study for an Answer: for your anger without cause, may moue cause of anger: you know you might commaund what I am, and wil you haue moze? Conceit may be deceiued, and so kindnesse abused, and suspitiō of impatience hath the least part of discretion. Excuses are idle among friends, and therefore words shal be deferred till our meeting: when, seeing your owne fault, you wil not thinke amisse of your friend: grieve not then without cause, nor be carried away with conceit: & as you knowe my nature,

I

command

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commaund my loue, which is farre from the thought to make a friend beholding: be not discontent with a denial, til you haue better reason of displeasure: but measure me with your self, and you shal find smal cause of difference: if there be any, let kindnesse dispute it, reason confesse it, and patience heare it; so shal friends be themselves, and you and I shal not fall out. So hoping that you wil satisfie your selfe with this answer, til wee meet to talke further of the matter, I conclude with your kindnesse, and rest euer

Yours, as you know. T. W.

A Letter to an vnthankfull person.

I haue heard that a p[ri]nce sometime ordeining a punishment for al offences, left Ingratitude to the gods to plague, as past mans power to punish inough: the Tale may wel be true, considering the vilenesse of such a nature, as I thinke the like liueth not in the shape of man. Couldst thou not onely forget, but abuse my kindnesse, & so make a monster of a wicked shadow: I could not haue beleued it, had I not too well proued it: but I wish you would leaue the humo[ur] least it make a loathsome nature: and though I will not reuenge a wrong vpon a subiect of so much basenesse, yet wil I learne to know the condition of so much vilenesse, & as wel warne my friends from an enemy, as further abuse mine owne wit with so mistaking of a friend. In brieft therefore, let me tel you, as I know you, I regard you: & as I found you, I leaue you: as one fit, if there lacked a Card, to put in the stocke for a wicked helpe. And so sozie to haue lost so much time to write to you, I wishe all the world that knowes you, to hate you.

Your enemy from the heart. D. M.,

His Answer.

How straungely men will write, that impatience doth put out of order! A good turne is lost, when it is cast in the receiuers teeth: & abuse misconceined, can hardly be wel excused:

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caused: consider better of what is done, then wrong the meaning of a good mind, and you shall finde without excuse, no true cause of displeasure: If the information of malice haue moued cholier without iudgement, poore men must endure the miserie of euill fortune: against my selfe I wil confesse nothing, but refer time to decide all doubts, when Truth shall put the differences betwixt a shadow and a better substance. So leauing ill humors to like minds, and good thoughts to better natures, hoping to finde you your selfe, which wil bee farre inough from that you write: In spight of the Diuel, I commit you to God: and so rest

Your friend, whether you will or not. D. R.

A Letter to laugh at, after the old fashion
of loue, to a Maide.

After my hartly commendations, trusting in God that you are in good health as I was at the writing hereof, with my Father and my Mother, my brothers and sisters and all my good friends, thanks be to God. The cause of my writing to you at this time is, that Ellen, I doe heare since my comming from Wakefield, when you know, what talke we had together at y^e signe of the blew cuckoe, & how you did giue me your hand, and sweare that you would not forsake me for al the world, and how you made me buy a King and a Hart, that cost me eigh- teene pence, which I left with you, and you gaue me a Raphin to weare in my Hat, I thanke you, which I wil weare to my dying day: and I meruaile if it be true as I heare, that you haue altered your mind, & are made sure to my neighbor Hop- lins younger sonne: truly Ellen you do not wel in so doing, and God wil plague you for it, and I hope I shall liue and if I re- uer haue you: for there are moze maides then Maulkin, and I count my self worth the whistling. And therfore praying you to write me your answer by this bearer my friend, touching the truth of al, how the matter stands with you, I commit you to God. From Callow greene.

Your true Louer. R. P.

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Her answer.

Truely Roger, I did not looke for such a Letter from your hands, I would you should know, I scorne it: Have I gotten my Father and Mothers ill wil for you, to bee so bled at your hands? I perceiue and you be so Jealous already, you would be somewhat another day, I am glad I finde you, that you can beleue any thing of me: but tis no matter, I care not: send me my Papkin, and you shall haue your King, and your Hart, for I can haue enough, and I neuer see you moze: for there are moze Batchelars then Roger, & my peny is as good siluer as yours: and therefore seeing you are so lustie, euen put vp your pipes, for I will haue no moze to do with you: And so vn-saying all that euer hath bene saide betwixt vs, make your choice where you list, I know where to be loued: and so I end.
From Wakefield.

M. R.

From a Father to his Sonne.

My Sonne, I hope so wel of your good disposition, that you wil not vnkindly conceiue of that which in loue I write: for such is the nature of my affection, as I had rather be vnderstood in carefull aduising you for your good, then sound winking at your ill: it is told me, which I am sozie to heare, but would be moze agrieued to beleue, that you are very readie in writing your name vnder billes and obligations: by which, as well for your owne idle expences, as to pleasure other in hurting your selfe, you beginne to take vp so fast, that I feare you wil be so lowe taken downe, that you will hardly euer rise againe: beleue me Sonne, suertiship is a priuie enemy to a good nature, which may sooner pay thre, then receiue one: and therefore among other things that I would shewe you to take heede of, let suertishippe bee one of the chiefest: what you can spare your friend, denie him not: but as you loue your liber-
tie,

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tie, beware sealing and deliuering: Play is but losse of time, that might be better employed: so: the gaine is but vngratious, and the losse is often grienous: and therefore vse it little, and rather so: companie, then pleasure: Dauncing I alowe of, but let not your legges sling away your wittes, in wasting your wealth: spend by measure, howeuer your Musike make you daunce: bee carefull of thy speech, thristie in thy expence, wearie of thy company, & iealous of thy friend: serue God, and feare not the Diuel: what thou needest let me know, and in thy care of my counsaile, let mee see thy loue: of which hauing no doubt, and therefore wishing thee all good, desirous shortly to heare from thee: I rest

Your louing Father. T. W.

The Answer.

M^d deare Father, farre be it from my heart to haue an vnkind thought of so kind a Father, in whose good aduise restes the most part of my wo:ldes happinesse: so: as you haue heard, which I beseech you to beleue of mee, I haue seene in other, so great mischiese and miserie to ensue vppon suertishippe, that I wil rather wishe nener to write, then to subscribe to my ruine. For so few pay their owne debts, and so many paie so: others, til they haue nothing to paie so: their owne, that who keepest my friendship so: that end, shall misse of my loue in another: and therefore feare not what you heare, but beleue what I saie: touching play, I loue not to trouble my bzaine with idlenesse, no: lose time in the abuse of hope: so: dauncing, as it is an exercise that I not dislike: so, is it not so much my delight, but I can rather leaue it, then loue it: but so: my expences, feare not so much my litle care of your charge, no: lesse regard of your loue: in which, vnder heauen holding my hearts chiefe happinesse, in pzaier so: your health and harts ease, I take my leaue.

Your obedient Sonne. F. R.

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To a friend familiar.

Having little matter, wherewith to entertaine your expectation, I haue bene enforced to studie for nothing: by this bearer, I know you looke to heare from mee, and to salute you with silence were a cold commendations: let it therefore suffice you, to heare of my health, and the good passages of all your proceedings touching your Lawe causes: wherein, if my loue faint my labour, I wil leaue to bee my selfe: ere it be long I shal haue occasion to come naxre you, when a few miles shal not bee a little out of my waie to see you; when if your Faulcon be in tune, I will bee glad to see a flight: so soone as conueniently you may, I pray you let me heare from you: and if you come to the towne, let my house be your Anne; wher making your owne welcome, I hope we shal be merrie: And thus for want of matter, briefer then I would be, I commend my loue to your kindnesse, and so rest: Alwaies

Your assured louing friend, M. R.

The Answer.

He that hath his wittes at commandement, needeth little to studie, and therefore being prouided of inuention, a little matter wil serue turne: if of nothing you make so much, what would you do of a little more? Thus I wryte to meet with your humoz, which in silence speakes more, then he who talkes much to lesse purpose: in brieft, for your kind letter I thank you, for your care of my businesse, I wil haue care of you: & for your selfe onely I loue you: if you haue occasion to come downe, vse my house as your owne: my Faulcon hath killed a Partridge, but of her flight I wil make no bragges: but, when you come, you shal see sport, that I am perswaded wil like you: in the meane time glad to heare of your health, the continuance wherof I hartily pray for, wishing as soone as conueniently you may

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may to see you, that we may try a course with our Greyhounds
for a fat Bucke, hauing now no matter of import, wherewith to
trouble you: With my most hartie commendations, I commit
you to the Almighty.

Your very louing friend, C. L.

To a Familiar friend.

Either paper is scant, your affaires are great, or your spirit
is lazie, that in so many weekes I haue not heard from
you, so much as how do you: the cause I would be glad to
knowe, so it bee not such as I shall be sozie to heare, that either
lacke of health, or libertie, be not the cause of your silence: I
praise you therefore mende this little fault in friendship, to cease
the trouble of imagination, and in a sufficient excuse set my
thoughts at quiet, which being much distempered thorough
doubt of your health, haue sent this bearer vpon purpose vnto
you: whom I beseech you in all loue returne to mee with all
speede: newes wee haue none at this time worth the writing,
and therefore knowing your spirit, desirous not to be troubled
with toyes, in that hartie loue that holdes you as deare as my
life, wishing no greater worlds comfort, then in the continual
enioying of your happie companie: hoping shortly to see you
here, which can be no sooner then long wished, and shall bee e-
uer most welcome, in the vnfained affection of a true friend: I
rest

Yours as mine owne, N. B.

The Answer.

I Perceiue it true, that I haue often hearde, that loue is not
without Zealouzie; but as fearefull of hurt, as carefull of
good: but to put you out of all doubts, they may be some disquiet
to your wished rest, let it suffice you, to know my health as you
left it, I thanke God for it; my affaires not such, but I could
salute my friend, nor my spirit so lazie, but I could write a let-
ter

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ter to my so much beloued : and to excuse my silence, let me tell you, that the last weeke I wrote vnto you by your fathers Bailiffe, who I maruaile hath not deliuered it ere this time: in that letter you shal find my mind touching your suit in court: which I feare if it be tedious, will proue moze chargeable then commodious: but obseruing a good course, a good opportunitie may be prosperous: in my Letter I haue written at full vnto you, wherein I hope you wil cleare al suspicion of any fault in my silence, and expect my comming downe ere it bee long : in the meane time, with hartie thanks for al kindnesse, without any further needlesse complements: I rest

Yours, or not mine owne, R. B.

A Loue Letter.

FAire Distresse, if vpon so smal conference, words may haue credite, shee shal not lide, whose fauour shal commaunde moze of my seruice: for such is y vnfained affectiō, in which I haue diuoted my selfe to your employment, that if there bee a heauen in this world, I wil seeke that Paradiſe, but in your kindnesse: thinke not I seeke with Eloquence, to creepe into your good opinion: for I had rather bee then seeme to bee, him that you wil I shal bee: for such being your worthinesse, of farre moze honour, then the seruice of my affection, mistrust not the truth, who hateth the thought of dissimulation, and wissheth no greater happinesse, then in the honour of your commaundement: for louing but you, being fauoured by you, I cannot be happie, but in you: to court you with flatterie, is too common a folly: and to bzibe your kindnesse, were a conceit of basenesse: but to anow your seruice, let it be the duetie of loue; which from my heart to your eyes bee a messenger of my true thoughts, who with al their powers, to my vttermoſt power, haue coniuſed me in true seruice.

Yours onely and wholly, I. M.

The

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The Answer.

God Hy2, to abuse your kindnes, were as vngratulations, as to admit your seruice might be dangerous: and therefore not vnthankful for your offer, giue me leaue to consider of the acceptation: a sodaine passion holds not, and a first view may be deceitful: lead not then your herat by your eyes, to the hurt of your spirit, and seeke not happinesse in commendement, where libertie is so much contentment: liking may be short of loue, and fancie may bee mistaken in the true felicitie: but, if truth hath diuoted your loue, honour wil bee the reward of your seruice: which if you shal proffer to a moze wo2thie, you shal make your selfe the moze happie: for my selfe, I wil thinke the best, til I finde the contrarie: but to auoid the worst, blame me not to be careful: a good beginning with a better proceeding, promiseth a blessed ending: which wishing you in al those courses, where truth is honourable in all her actions, hauing no occasion of your imploiment in a friendly title of commendement, readie to requite that kindnesse, that is honourable in construction: I rest, as I find cause,

Your louing friend, M. R.

To a familiar Friend.

Having so fit a messenger, I could not let him passe without some remembrance of my Loue vnto you: wherein if I may any waies pleasure you, I wil be readier to perforce it, then speake it: touching such things, as you wrote vnto me by the Carrier, I haue taken such order for them, as I hope wil be to your content, not a little glad, that I had so good opportunitie, to speake with the parties, so soone vpon your letter. I assure you I found them as tractable as you could wish. I haue staied al causes til your coming to towne, when I hope to bring al matters to a good end: I haue sent you by this bearer



a rundlet

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a runclet of Hecke, I hope not of the worst; howsoever it be, I wishe it better then it is: I pzaie you take it in good part, and wzite me word how you like it: that I may either thanke my Maintener, or change him: newes here are none but old, or false. And therefore, onely wishing you al happinesse, with my hartie cōmendations to your selfe, and to your good bedfellow, I commit you to the Almighty. London, this 1. of July, 1604.

Your loving friend, T. W.

An Answer.

I Have receiued your kind letter and friendly token, for both which, with many other your good fauours, I most hartly thanke you, & for your care of my businesse, be you assured it shal not be forgotten. I wil be at London if I can within this moneth, when you shal rule me in all things as you list: I am glad you haue spoken with them, & hope by your good meanes to haue a peace after a long warre: if it had not bene for mine Ague, I had bene with you the last weeke, but so soone as I am sounde I intende to see you: in the meane time in requital of your Hecke, I haue sent you a fatte Doe, which if it proue like your wine, I am sure it will passe without warrant: as it is I commend it to your kindnesse, and my selfe to your commandement: and so hoping of your good health, which I pzaie for as mine owne, with thanks to your wife for my Banberie cheese, for which I haue sent her a pound of pepper that she wzote to me for: Readie in what may lie in our powers to pleasure either any one or both of you, as one: I take my leaue at this time, but rest, allwaies

Your poore friend, M. R.

A Letter of loue to a faire Mistresse.

Sweete Ladie, if the reach of my capacitie, could elime the hope of your fauour, it should be a strange piece of seruice that I would refuse at your commaundement: but, when I thinke

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thinke vpon your noblenesse, & then behold mine owne vnworthinesse, I can but swallow vp those sighes, that dare speak nothing of my loue: & yet when I knowe that the eyes of honour, regard vertue in no little grace, in the seruice of honour, I can feare no ill fortune: in the nature of which humblenes, thzow- ing my heart into your hands, at the fete of your fauour laying the hight of my hopes happinesse, til occasion of imployment, and euer diuoted to your commandement, I rest without rest, til I may cuer onely, and wholly rest,

Yours, in all I am: or not to be my selfe at all. D. G.

Her Answer.

So, I haue heard it of the wise, that if hope clime to hono^r, vertue is a good hold, whose seruice y^e most noble do most fauourably entertaine: in y^e nature of which humo^r, if your affection be grouded, haue no feare of fortune, howeuer enny be your enemy. Who speaks al, in saying nething, may vnderstand an Answer by the like reason, and thinke that hand vnworthie honour, that wil not kindly regard the heart of loue: leave then the sighes of feare to the faithlesse, and swallow not a Gudge in a dreame: but, as you finde cause of honour, so performe either your loue or seruice; which too good for an vnworthy, reserve for your better fortune: And so in the best sort of kindnes, ready to requite your good meaning, I rest in what I may,

Your assured friend, T. N.

Roger, to Margery his sweete heart.

Margery, I haue receiued your snappish letter, wherby I see you are moze angry, the I thought you wold haue bin for a misword or two: but I hope to mend what is amisse, for I see I was to blame: for now I find the knaury of y^e wo^{ld}, I wil loke a little better to my selfe: for I was your Cosins doing to devise lyes, to set you and me out: but and you wil be ruled by me, we wil mee^te with them wel enough: vpon Fri-

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Day, He meete you at the market, where we wil haue a cake and a pot, at the Pickerel and the Spurre, there we wil strike by a bargaine, that wil not be broken in hast: and so sozie with all my heart, that I haue done as I haue done: sending thee twentie kisses by my sister Bernel, and this bowed groat for a loue token: I rest

Tours from all the world, R. H.

Her answere.

O Roger, the world is wel amended: I thought you were misused to write to mee as you did: but friends are nere so farre out but they may be as farre in againe: and therfore since twas against your wil, I forgive you with all my heart: and let my Cousin doe his worst He not goe from my worde: on Thursday, He meete you at ten of the clocke, and bzing a piece of Bacon in my pocket, to relish a cup of Ale: when it shal goe hard if al hit right, but some body shal wipe their nose for their knauery: and so Roger, hoping that you wil no moze abuse me as you haue done, to beleue lies and tales of me, til you know the truth: treading al unkindnesse vnder foote, I rest: with al my heart, as I was and wil be eu'r,

Tours as you know, M. R.

From a Yeoman in the Countrie, to his Sonne
in London.

Sonne, you know what charge I haue bene at with you, as wel in bzinging you to London, as in furnishing you for your preferment: al which I hope you wil haue such care of, that I shall not thinke any thing lost that I haue done for you: in any wise serue God, please your Master, and bee careful of such things as you are put in trust with: bee rather an example of good then of evil, and haue patience with all things, howsoever you are crost in your expectation: beware of euill companie, & pride, and drunkennesse, and take heede of follow-
ing

A Packet of Letters.

ing of faire women. I shall be glad to heare well of you, and as I see you thristie, you shall finde me kinde : your maister is an honest man, and a good trade is gainesfull : but I hope, I shall not neede to be too earnest in aduising thee for thy welfare. God who hath created thee, I hope will so blesse thee, that I shall haue ioy of thee : and for my selfe, with my blessing, I haue sent thee herein enclosed a token of my loue, vse it to thy good : shortly, God willing thou shalt heare further from mee : in the meane time and euer, I rest.

Your louing Father. T.N.

An answer of the Sonne to the Father.

My good Father, I haue receiued your kinde letter, and token, for which I humbly thanke you: and for such things, as you wish me to haue care of, be you assured, I will not be vnmindfull of: for my maister, I thank God, he putteth me in trust more then I will speake, and vseth me so kindly, that I were a Jewe, if I should deceiue him : but my Mistresse is so perilous a woman, that if she bee displeased, there is no quiet with her: but all the house may learne patience of my maister : and therefore I will feede her humoz, and let her haue her saying: for women, when I meane to wive, I will thinke on my choise : and for euil company, I hope God will blesse me out of such as are not for my good: and therefore feare not, but I hope one day to giue you cause to thinke all well bestowed that you haue or will lay out for me : I haue sent you by this bearer, a Hawking bag, my mother a paire of Gloues, and my sister a gyrdell: my Maister hath him heartily comended vnto you, & to my mother, & desires you to send him vp a good cheese, which he will requite: he hath sent my mother a pound of Sugar, and giueth her thanks for her fine puddings: this is all that at this time I haue to write vnto you, & therefore beseeching your blessing, praying to God for your health, & long life, with my humble, butie to you and my good mother, and commendations to all my friends: I comunit you to the Almightye. London.

Your louing sonne. R. D.

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To a Wife in the Country.

GOOD wife, in all kindnesse I commend me to thy selfe, assuring thee that I thinke it long, till I haue dispatched my businesse, and am at home againe: but I hope of good successe in my suite, for my counsaile doe warrant my case cleere: vpon Friday next I shall haue triall, which I doubt not will goe on my side: if it doe not, my thought is taken, for I thanke God I can liue without it, though I would be loth to lose it: my health I thanke God I haue wel, and pray for the same with thee and thine: I praye you send mee by xx. pound by this bearer, with al speed: and within five dayes after the dispatch of my businesse, expect my coming down: in the meane time kisse my little babes for mee, to whom with thy selfe, send my harts hoping commendations, and so in hast I commit thee to the Almighty. London,

Your loving husband. W. T.

The wiues Answer.

SWEEET heart, your messengers hast makes me briefer then sotherwise I would be: the good dispatch of your businesse, I hope and hartily pray for, your health I am glad of, & your returne cannot bee so soone as wished for: your money I haue sent you by this bearer, your little ones, with my selfe, would bee glad to see you, who doe not a little misse you, for diuerse causes too tedious at this time to trouble you withall: but in any wise remember your girles Caule, & your boies Hat, which wil not be a little welcome: but good husband, make one end or an other with it, this Terme; least delayes & demurres make you to spend more in it then it is worth: but you know what to doe, better then I can aduise you: and therefore leauing to your discretion, to doe what shall best please you, I commit you to God: in hast,

Your loving wife. M. W.

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A Letter vpon ordinarie Causes.

Sir, it is giuen me to vnderstand by some, that lately came from those partes, that in the Ilandes, there haue arrived of late certaine Fishermen, that by a crosse winde, & sodaine Tempest, are driuen into your harbour: if it be true, and that they lye there for any time, I praye you faile not to buy me a hundredth of Ling, as much Haberdine, and other fish such as you thinke good; I would lay out a hundredth pounds willingly: what you lay out, you shall vpon your letter haue paid here in London, to whom you shall direct it: I haue sent you downe by the Carrier a peece of broad-Cloath, of the same colour whereof you wrote vnto mee: I am assured it will bee to your liking: if you neede any more, or any thing else that may lie in my power, I pray you make as bold of me as any friend you haue. Cole fish nor poore John I haue no need of: and therefore hoping that you will husband my purse, as a friend, with my hearty commendations, I commit you to the Almighty: London, this eighth of Nouember. 1604.

Your louing friend, T. R.

The Answer.

Sir, your letter and peece of cloath I haue receiued, for which I heartily thanke you; for which you shall receiue your money by my Cousin at Dice key, when it please you to send to him: but for the Fishermen, indeede they put in for a night, but in the morning the winde came faire, and they put to Sea againe: so that, except a fewe Ling, that they bestowed vpon our Maio, and Bayliffes, for some freshe victuall that hee had from vs, there was little bought here at this time: but wee heare of them, & shortly we shall haue a flete come by vs: when if there be any good to be done, I will not faile to be-friend you to your content: in the meane time, wishing any good occasion wherein I might requite your kindnesse, in prayer for your health and hearts ease, I commit you to God: Yarmouth, this 10. of September, 1604.

Yours assured to command, D. N.

A

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A Letter to a friend for dispatch of businesse.

I Am bolde to entreate your kindnesse, to steed mee in what you may, touching the purchase of the Willes, and the Hoppe gardeine : for which if your neighbour will take mine offer, I am for him : or else, I must otherwise determine of my money that I haue reserued onely for that vse. I am offered great penny-worthes in diuers places, but the Aire pleaseeth me wel about that house, and the Troutes in the little brookes haue made me haue a great minde to dwell thereabouts : if therefore you can bring him to my price, I will be beholding to you; if not, let me know his mind and I am satisfied : for to tell you troth, I will haue it, though it cost mee more then it is worth: and so entreating you to doe me what good you can herein, for which you shall not finde me vnthankfull : I rest,

Your louing friend. A. W.

The Answer.

I Receiued your Letter dated the xiii of this Moneth, whereby I vnderstand your minde touching the Lease of the two Willes, and the Hoppe garden : but, I cannot bring it to passe one penny vnder the summe, wherupon he telles me you were in (a manner) agreed: the man is harde, but yet very honest : and the land is good, and lieth finely to the house; the soile is healthful, and there is good store of springs : besides, the River is not farre off, wherby you may haue cariage weekly from the Cittie vpon a smal reckening : but vse your discretion, the price you know, and me you may command; but time would not be deferred, for there are many about it: and therefore leaving to your discretion, either take it or refuse it, with assurance of my helpe to the uttermost of my power, either in this, or what else may pleasure you, I alwayes rest,

Yours as you know. T. D.

Her

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Letters of loue, betwixt *Rinaldo* and *Lorina*.

Fairest of the world, and sweetest on the earth: the beauty of whose eyes puts the best wits to admiration: and the wisdom of whose government, commands the hono^r of Loues service: how should my amazed spirit, hope of power to presume neere the happinesse of your fauour? No, Fortune is my euerswozne enemy, & desert must take place in a higher reach, then the longest arme of my vnworthinesse: yet let me not be so depriued of reason, that I may not looke into the nature of vertue, where hono^r in kindnesse makes beauty Angelical, but in the humilitie of affection to offer the employment of my service; in which, if I faile the expectation of your affection, vpon the condemnation of insufficiencie, let disgrace be my deadly punishment, where in the labyrinth of sorrow I may languish all my dayes: but if the States be not too froward, in crossing the endenours of my duetie, be you gracious vnto Loue that hath wholly swozne me your seruant; with which title if I may bee honoured, I wil seeke no other colours for my comfort: but, fearing your unknowne occasions of affaires, I wil not be tedious to your patience, but rest euer in my loue:

Tours vowed, though not allowed seruant, Rinaldo.

Her answer.

Wittiest of a hundzeth, and craftiest of a thousand, whose eloquence like inchantment, would take prisoner a weake iudgement, how shal my simple capacite conceiue the drift of your device? fortune is but a fiction, and therfore it is no matter for her friendship, while desert hath a power in the preferment of duety, and loue in vertue gives an honour to beautie: where if reason be careful, affection may be ioyful: but leaue Angels to the heauens, and take heed of diuels of the earth: which vnder the cloake of humility hide the head of ambition: perfection hath no affinitie with corruption,

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and what the heauens determine the world must endure: but in flattery of my perfection, you haue deceiued my expectation, who imagining you wise, am sozry to see the contrary: and if I might be Judge, the Lawe should quickly haue his course, where dissimulation appeared, should be condemned to perpetual disdaine: but hoping better of your humoꝝ, then to wzong the simplicitie of beliese, let the patience of affection leade you out of the labyzynth of sozrow, to the mountaine of that blisse, whose vertue may giue you grace, and in the comfort of your chiefe care, you may finde the heauen, oꝝ your hearts ioy: to the attainment whereof, leauing your thoughts to their best issue, I rest as I may,

Your friend Lorina.

Replie.

THe high honoꝝ of your vertue, that from the merit of your graces, flieth thzough the world so farre beyond fame, as makes her amazed at her wonder, so dampeth the power of my spirit, that as an eye which in beholding the Sunne, twinkleth with the lids, soz feare to lose the light: so the humble eye of my heart, that in beholding the bzight beames of your Sunny beautie, trembling in feare, by pꝛesumption to lose the light of Loues hope, submitteth it self, to the wil of that power, which in pittie may saue, oꝝ in furie may kil, the life of that creature, who at the fecte of your fauour, hath laide the height of his felicitie: shew therfoze the heauenly nature of that vertue, which may purchase your woꝝthie honour: take not pleasure in destruction, that may be gracious in comfort: but leade the hart by your eie, that hateth the light, but in your loue: wher in the glasse of clearest grace, truth may see her beauty vnspotted, & honoꝝ in truths seruice, craves but the entertainment of employment: in which time shal confirme, that care shal euer conclude: my thoughts shal be onely honoured in your seruice, and my loue euer happy in your commandement: in hope whereof, if I may, I wil rest.

Yours euer, Rinaldo.

Her

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Her Answer.

The slow course in loves comfort, that you take to leade you into my liking, is so farre from the nature of good desert, that I know not whether silence were a fit answer to idlenesse, or reprehension a iust reward for inuidition: and therefore in doubt what to doe, pardon mee, if I doe not as I should doe, for though wisdom would admit no cause of daunger, yet courtesie is such a Latwe in Nature, as is too great a friend to loue: yet, if I could chide, and not be angry, I could wish you leaue a creeping clyming, least you be thought a baser creature, then may stand with the honour of your condition: leaue a twinkling eye to obly sights, and figure not the sunne in the clypher of a shadow: nor presume farther then you may passe without feare: but in submissio, vse that discretio that may maintaine the reputation of affection: and be perswaded that vertue cannot be vngenerous, howeuer folly runne vpon destruction; murther is hatefull to nature, and loue is the ioy of reason: what then should trouble a good spirit, that is possessed of no euill humour? but in the resolution of hono, to build the hope of his happines: and while colours are fittest for painters, to march vnder y ensigne of truth, wher in the field of fame, vertue carrieth the victory: to the trial of which seruice, leauing the happy event of your aduentures, I rest as I may,

Your poore friend, assured
Lorina.

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A familiar Letter to a friend in the country.

How neere is ingratitude to forgetfulness, I would be loth my silence should make proofe, especially knowing the kind welcome of my unworthy letters; and therefore understand you, that all things are here as you left them, health nothing impaired, and our substance, (if we may so terme our drossy treasure) little diminished, but our minds, through want of your company, not so merry as when you were with them: for the fustie spirits of unseasoned wits, who understand no other wealth, then their owne wil, make time tedious, which were it better exercised, would be much more pleasing: and to tel you truth, were not booke my better friends, I should bee subject to much melancholy: but my library, though but little, stands me in much good steede: in which, if there bee any booke that may pleasure you, I pray you make vse of it, and so soone as you wel may, let me enter at your retourne: and til then your often writing, that we may toy in your health, which as I hope of, I daily pray for: newes here are many, but so few true, or of any worth, that being in doubt what to believe, til I haue further certaine intelligence, I wil craue pardon for this time, and rest, Alwaies

Your assured loving friend, W. T.

The Answer.

In reading your letter, then which, nothing but your selfe can be more welcome: mee thinkes I see the meeting of two Lovers in a morning, who surely dreaming of each other, in their sleepe, scarce wel awake, came out with a kind of wonder: Oh Lord, how haue you done since yester-night? so may I say to you, it is not a full weeke since we were together, and shal wee feare silence, for so little a while? but, what shal I say? it is a pleasing humour, to sollicite loue, and a content to the minde, to
continue

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continue kindnesse, which fortune crossing in want of presence, wit can worke in spight of absence: let then the muddy fishe dwel in the miry lakes, and the better natures seeke their sweeter places: and for thy Libzary, I will not make thee iealous of my Loue, but let me tell thee, they are most sweet companions, and so for their owne sakes esteeme of them: and though I loue them, yet will I not deprive thee of any of them: but when I come to thee, with thy loue and leaue, I wil dwel among them: for to an vnderstanding spirit, they are a kind of paradise. Now for my health, I thanke God, I neede no Physicke, and for my purse, it hath bent enough for letting my mony grow rusty: and for my mind, to tell thee truth, it is with God, and thee: with whom I hope to be shortly, till when, and then, and euer, I rest:

What mine, thine, F. R.

A Letter from a father to his sonne at the Vniuersitie.

M^d deare sonne, as nothing can ioy the heart of a father more then the obedience of a louing child, so can there be nothing more grievous, then the stubbozne spirit of an vngratious sonne: I speake this to thee, knowing thy yeares and vnderstanding, able to digest the consideration of my desire, which in summe, is my ioy in thy good: for, let me tell thee, my estate thou knowest, and how much I haue strained my credit, for thy aduancement, to which learning being a speedy and assured good meane, I would be glad to see my comfort in thy profit, in such fruites of thy studie, as with the blessing of God, may hasten thy preferment: I am sorry to tell thee, that I heare thy diligence doth not answere my desire, and would gladly wish it otherwise: but I hope, a kind admonition, will suffice to worke a good nature: and therefore will rather hope the best, then doubt the contrary: and in the loue of a father, let me entreat thee to auoid the company of a lewde fellow, as rather an enemy then a friend: the feminine sex, are dangerous to affect,

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affect, for as they will be a losse of time, so with hinderance of study, they will procure expence: the exercise of thy body, I admit for thy health: but let thy loue be in thy learning, else wilt thou neuer be good scholler: for desire and delight, are the best masters, both of art and knowledge, while reason vertuous, makes vnderstanding gracious: & therefore not out of the bitter humour of displeasure, but the careful nature of affection, I write vnto thee, to warne thee from what may hurt thee, and aduise thee for thine owne good: and so praying to God for thee, whom I beseech daily to blesse thee, with my hearts loue, to the Lords blessing, I leaue thee.

Thy louing father, H N.

An Answer of the Sonne, to his Father.

After the bands of humble duty, my good father, I haue receiued your most kind and louing letter, in which, how much ioy I haue receiued, I cannot expresse: feareing rather your sharpe rebuke, then louing admonition: but God is himselfe, who can and doth worke more in some natures, with a kind chiding, then in some other, with many stripes: I know, you are not ignorant of the inclination of youth, and therefore doe thus kindly touch the hurt of vnhedfulnesse; for which, how much I do humbly thank you, I hope my care of your counsell, in time shall pleasingly tell you: therefore for what ill you haue heard, grieue not, & of the good you may heare doubt not: and beleue me, for I will not abuse your trust, what vanity soeuer I haue seemd to affect, my booke hath bene the mistresse of my loue: in which, how much I will labour, and from which, what profit I will gather, your hope shall see in the effect of Gods blessing: without the which, how dangerous are diuerse studies, to the vnderstanding of vngracious spirites, I would it were not knowne in any, and pray God, that none may know

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in me: for my preferment, I leave it to Gods pleasure, who best knoweth how to dispose of his servants: and for your contentment, that it may be in my obedience: your health, as my worlds happiness, I pray for: mine owne moderate exercise, with abstinence from excess, both with Gods blessing hold in good state: and for the feminine sex, though I would be no hypocrite, yet I had rather read of them, then be acquainted with them: for I allowe of your opinion touching them: and so hoping, that ere long you shall receive as much content of my courses, as you have ever doubted the contrary, in the duty of my humble love I take my leave for this time, but rest Alwaies,

Your obedient sonne,
T. N.

To his deare and onely beloved mistresse,
Susan Pearle.

Swétest of my thoughts, and dearest of my love, if reason had the power to expresse the nature of my passion, I am perswaded that the eye of thy beauty would vouchsafe a kind look upon the heart of my love, which continually languishing in the doubt of thy affection, desireth not to live, but in the comfort of thy kindnesse: loath I am, with ceremonious eloquence to move suspicion of truth, and yet an Orient pearle would be set in pure golde: grosse speeches fit not fine spirits, and for your selfe, I will rather honour then flatter you: and if I may serve you, I will so well deserve of you, that I will lay the hope of my worlds happiness, upon the one honour of your favour: for setting aside all care of other contentment, I have bequeathed my life to your love: in which, if I faile in the truth of your trust, let me receive the reward of your disgrace: which being more direfull, then death can be, let mee but entreate your admonition of my service, believe of my love, and regard of my travaile: which, be it in body, or minde, shall have no rest, but in your pleasure. What shall I say?

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say : but time is pretious, and delayed patience in passion most
grievous: hasten therefore I beseech you the hope of my desire,
in the happinesse of your commaundment, and let no cloude
of mistrust barre me the light of your loue, which being on
this earth the onely bright Starre, that leades me to my
wzlos heauen, let me live as in a depth, till I may revieve in
this comfort: In hope whereof, & prayer for which, laying the
head of my fortune, at the fete of your honour: I rest with lit-
tle rest, till I may fully and wholly rest,

Tours enely and all, or mine own nothing at all,

T. L.

FINIS.



870

A
+ POSTE VVITH
a Packet of madde
Letters.

The second part.



LONDON,
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Iohn Browne,
and Iohn Smethicke.

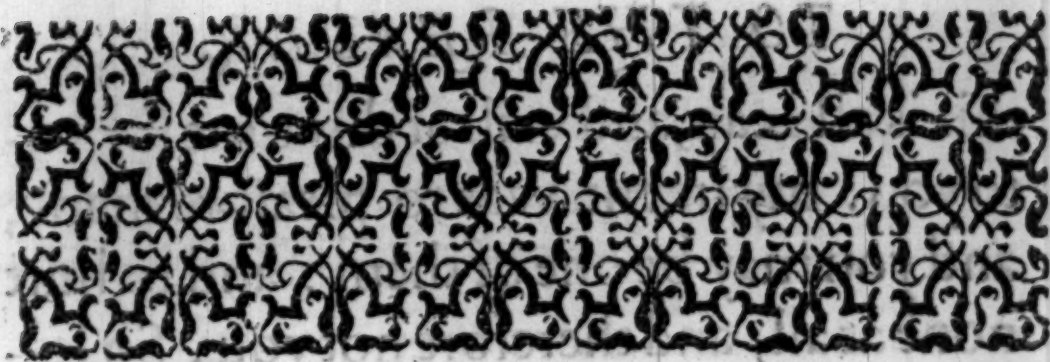
1605.

POSTE VITE

A Packer of musk



THE END



TO THE READER.



Reader, I knowe
not what you are,
and therefore I can-
not well tell what
to say to you: one-
ly this at aduenture,
if you be wise, you
will not play the
foole, in scoffing at that, which perhaps
may deserue a better countenance: if you be
not wise, I can but pray for yout better vn-
derstanding: howsoeuer you be, I wil hope
the best of you, that you will thinke of my
worke as it deserue, which is as much as I
desire: if you get any good by it, thanke
me for it: if hurt, thanke your selfe: for
your abuse of that might seru you better:
this

TO THE READER.

this is all I can, and will at this time say vnto you: my intent was to pleasure many, and you may be one of them: and to hurt none at all, and therefore not you. So leauing my booke to your liking, as it falles out, I rest as I haue reason,

Your friend, *Nich. Breton.*





A
Poste vvith a Packet of
madde Letters.

The second Part.

To my Honourable good Lord: my
Lord *Morasi*.



Right honorable, to expresse vnto your good
Lordship, the humble duetie of my affecti-
on, I cannot better doe it, then by this
Bearer: whom so; many good parts, fit-
ting your heuours pleasure, I can well
commend to your fauourable entertaine-
ment: so; as such Hailsters are like blacke
Swannes: so, such seruants are choise creatures: so; a little
matter of small moment, will hoile vp folly aboue the cloudes,
while wisdome runnes a course, of a more carefull temper:
such I hope shall I finde your seruant, whose wit and consci-
ence take such counsaile in all his Actions, that the iudge-
ments of good experience hold him wo;thy good account: so;
my selfe, least I may be parciall, I will leane his prayse to your
p;uise: and in hope of your contentment, onely entreat your
entertainment; shortly I hope to see you: till when, perswaded,
that his seruice shall gaine him more praise then my penne,
I will leane his qualities to your tryall, and his seruice to
your

A Packet of Letters.

your saour: and so in inſtraigible loue reſt, during life.

Yours aſſured in true affection,

R. B.

To my loving Couſen, maſter T. W.
Juſtice of peace.

Sir, I would be glad to write you newes of the diſpatch of your buſineſſe, but yet it wil not bee: for Lawyers being full of Clients, cannot anſwere al men at once: and therefore conſidering your matter is in a caſe of more conſcience then gaine, I muſt attend the leiſure of your Counſellour, who as he is wiſe, I doubt not but will proue honeſt: and then a little time wil bee wel bozne with, that brings a good houre at the laſt: your aduerſarie is full of mony, and trudgeth bp and downe like a ſore, but I hope in ſtead of a goſe, hee wil bee choaked with a feather: haue you no feare nor care of it, for I doubt not to effect it to your content: and ſo much for your lawe buſineſſe. Now for other matters, the occurrents of this time, are either ſo friuolous, or dangerous, that I thinke ſilence better blamed, then babbling: for though there be ſeue Partridges, yet there are many letters here in this towne, who liſten for ſpeeches, intercept letters, accuſe the ſimple, and vndo the ſolliſh: and therefore I had rather be ſilent with the Nightingale till May, then prate like a Cuckoe out of ſeaſon: yet for that you ſhal not thinke me fearful of ſparrow-blaſting, I wil write you a little newes. Tabacco is like to growe a great commodity, for there is not an Diſtiller, nor a Tapſter, but wil be at his whiſſe or two, and ble it as a ſhwing-horne to drawe on a pottle of Beere. Bottell Ale, is more common then good, and yet deare enough, it is ſo taken bp with the drunken crue. Theeues are well weeded, and yet beſides ſhoue-groate Teſters, there are ſome lookers now and then. Painting was neuer

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neuer so common, and pretty cheape. And for women, some goe like Antickes; some like maskers, some proudly sober, and some like carelesse Resolution, but some few like Angels: but they are too high for men: and therefore I leaue them to higher powers. Now men are as in times past, if young, hardly wise, though witty: if aged, wise: if wealthy, serued and honoured: if poore, at least scorned, if not worse bled: If wise, perhaps employed: if foolish, baffled; this I say for the most part: for some time, for some cause both youth and age, and pouerty and folly, are finely bozne withall: but for that this is rather an old obseruation, then any new matter, I will end my long letter, with neuer ending loue: And so in hope of your health, commit you to the Almightye.

Your very loving Cousen,

W. R.

To the right honourable his very good Lord,
the Lord W. H.

Right honourable, your noblenesse neuer ceasing to binde my service to your kindnesse, hath made me at this instant to presume a little vpon your good fauour: So it is my good Lord, that I am shortly to bestowe a daughter of mine in marriage vpon a gentleman of some worth, and according to our custome, friends must be feasted, when a Partie of Meni-son is a grace to the whole service: your honour shall much pleasure me, and as often heretofore, giue mee no little cause to bee thankfull: my state is not great, but my loue so farre assured, as wherein I may deserue, that I cannot requite: I will faile of my hope, but I will discharge some part of my debt: And so not doubting your honourable fauour to this my sute for a Bucke, beseeching

W. R.

God

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God to adde happinesse to your good health, I humbly take my leave.

Your Honours in all humblenesse.
R. S.

To his deare friend, M. F.R. at his lodging
in the Temple.

You wrote of late vnto mee, for my opinion of your intent, and aduise for your course: which two points I will touch as truly and fitly, as I can. Your intent is to leave your study, and first to Court, and then to Armes: but what hath altered your entent in studie, to fall vpon an entent to straunge courses? For your Bookes peaceably entreate of those things, which you may finde disquiet, in passing through. For, touching your first course, is it not better to reade of Princes, then to carry their Crownes? you cannot seele their burthens, except you had their cares. How full of perils are their pleasures? yea, how many instruments of mischief both the devill send into the worlde, to crosse the courses of good Princes that are leading their people to Heauen? and if they bee Wolves to their owne flocks, how safe is it to be farre from their Courtes? Now, leauing good Princes to Gods blessing, and other to his amendement, goe a little to his Counsell. Oh, how great are the weight of the charges? and how many the natures of their troubles? who, if they all bee of one minde, and as it were one body of many members, yet sometime a toe, and a finger, a hand, or an arme, a toothe or an eye, a tongue or an eare, may perhaps bee out of tethper, and so that all the body may bee out of frame: say their wittes are great through experience of place: and their pleasures great in the authoritie of power: and their powers great, in the vertue of fauour: yet withall, when experience is put to a newe studie, prouidence must trie the power of witte, with no little

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little trouble: and when pleasures hold in power, leue hath no place in seruilitie: and when power, rests vpon fauour, what is the feare of fortune? And further, is not the care of a common wealth, a continuall toyle of wit: power, a dangerous steppe to pride, hateful in the highest eye: and fortune vnfaythfull in all her fauours: rather read then, the laudable carriage of their courses, in the seruice of kings, then seeke in Court to see their kingly curses: for God onely knoweth their consciences, themselves onely their cares, and thou canst not knowe their crosses. But leaning the to their honourable proceedings, goe yet a little lower to the Ladies, and what shalt thou see? either a creature like an Angel, if vertuous: or worse then a woman, if vicious: perhaps thou shalt see, painting spoile a good complexion, or deceiue a simple eye-sight: heare out of a fine presence, a fond spirit speake idly, and perhaps an idle wit play the wanton. Now what art thou benefitted by all this? abuse thine eye with a picture, offend thine eare with folly, or lose thy time in idlenesse. Were it not better for thee to reade the fiction of Venus, then to be seruant vnto vanity: and to laugh at a fantasie, then to follow folly? Yet, say ther be a Phoenix among birds, if her nest be too high, take heed of climbing, for feare of a fall: take heed of the object, that makes an abiect of a subject: but looke aside at the attendants, what shalt thou see? Cost and curtesie, long seruice, painefull duty, hope of fauour, with feare of displeasure: a great haruest, many labourers, and fewe gaines: and must be so, for desires are many, but deserts fewe: and therefore they hope little. In summe, a Prince thou canst neuer be, a Counsellor neuer thinke to be: Ladies are lowly, but beautie is costly: and the charge of attendance, may bring hope for assurance. In mine opinion therefore, thy intent is not good, and thy proceeding will be worse, in thy humour of Courtting. Now, for Armes, Is it not better to reade of the noble acts of Conquerours, then to try the misery of the Conquered, and to suffice nature with a little, then to starue for want of foode? Oh the danger of death, the doubt of victorie, the crosse of valour, the terrore of a sigh, lacke of a cittie, the defence of a bat-

fatle the sight of blood, the cares of the sorrowfull, and the con-
 sideration of conscience: oh these, with many other ill banquetts,
 bitter stozmes, deadly wounds, cold lodging, hard fare, stinking
 drinke, and lousie ragges: and who knowes how long, these
 things I say, with what else I say not, are sufficient I hope to
 dissuade thee from so desperate a course: rather reade of true
 valour, and vpon good cause, and fit time: aduenture life for ho-
 nour, for thy country, thy religiõ, or thy life: otherwise vnder the
 shewe of seeking honour, goe not like a hired Butcher to kill
 beasts: like a bloody tyzant, to kill men for mony: remember
 what thou hast read: Blessed are the peace-makers: seeke peace
 and ensue it: for God wil blisse it, if he make it: yet if needs thou
 wilt goe to the field, begin not with the Court, least dainty fare,
 ease, and idlenesse, make thee vnfit to aduenture the hard course
 to honour: but though in regard of the great trauailes and pe-
 rills in those passages, the title of honour, doe most truely be-
 long to the well deseruers, while valour sholwne in mercy, doth
 grace noblenesse in goodnesse: yet, for that I thinke thy body not
 answerable to thy spirit, out of my loue, I haue written thee my
 aduise: hoping that it will take effect, though not as I wish, yet
 such as may be to thy good: and so knowing thy iudgement suf-
 ficient to determine of thy best course, I leaue thee with it, to the
 direction of the Almighty, whom I beseech euer so to blisse thee,
 that I may alwaies heare well of thee, and reioyce to see thee:
 from my lodging in the little Colledge, this tenth of August,
 1605.

Thine more then spoken,

N. B.

A

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A Letter of a Batchilar, to a rich

widowe.

Widowe, if you would not be so woe, I would call you sweete: for though you know I love you, yet you will say I flatter you: but, yet bee it how it will, this is truth, believe it as you will: your eyes have caught my heart, who hath thowne me a servant to your will: I cannot with eloquence court you, but I can truly love you, and thinke my selfe blessed, if I might enjoy you: for as your presence may please the wisest, so your wisdom may command the honest: for your wealth, be it more or lesse then is reported, your selfe being of more worth then you can have, I wish your selfe rather then what yours: you feare perhaps youths inconsistency, it is triall that proueth truth: and for my love, it shall end with my life: but what are words vnbelieved? or hopes not firmly grounded: like the vision of a dreame, which awake proues nothing: yet good widow, if you be kinde, pittie mee: and if pittifull, saue me: and if gracious, love mee: God will reward you, love will be true to you, and I will dye ere I will deceiue you: you may increase your coyne, and yet decrease your comfort: when a coughing song at midnight, may make you weepe before day: but venture a little and haue much: what I am, or haue, you shall haue all: my love, my seruice, my life, and what can you haue more: A little more drinke to make the cup runne ouer: and perhaps marre the drinke that was good before: A little more coyne to fill the tether bagge, and perhaps fall out to proue a piece of false mony: when commanded by a Coistrel, that will serue for nothing but a Cuckold: or kirbd by a Cubbe, that will grate you to the bones for an olde groat: you will curse your treasure that was the cause of your destruction. No no, good widow, be good to thy selfe, in being kind to me: heare mee, believe

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believe me, loue me, & take me: for I wil be a servant to thy wil,
a companion to thy kindnesse, and as a Steward of thy sub-
stance: this as I liue, and hope of thy loue, thou shalt finde: for
my heart hath answered it, and I will not be a villaine to mine
owne soule. In which, praying for thy health, and to be made
happy in thy kindnesse, to say Amen to my prayers: I rest,

Thine answered, howsoeuer regarded,
T. M.

To my louing friend, W. D. at his fathers
house in *Couentry*.

Honest Wil, I heare by your mother, that you are going to
the Uniuersitie, where no doubt, but with good care and
diligence, you may doe your selfe much good: but for
that I haue passed the place that you are going to, & haue tried
the natures of those studies, and the profit to be made of them,
let me tell thee mine opinion of them, and which I thinke best
for thee to followe for thy good: first, for the better blessing of
whatsoever thou followest, bestow some labour in the reading
of the diuine loue: that done, note what I tell thee, for the in-
crease of thy stocke, when thou shalt come to haue any dealings
in the world: for thy better instructions in such courses, as may
be for thy comodity, obserue the rules that I wil read thee: first,
for Grammer, it is euerie other of petty schooles, common
staile. Logick is but for the Uniuersitie: for Musicke, it brings
more crochets then crownes: for Astronomy, it goes too high a-
boue the cloudes, to doe any good on the earth: Cosmography
is good for a Trauailer, and Astrology, for a Sea-man: but for
him that meanes to gather wealth, and grow rich, let him bee
perfect in Arithmeticke, to be sure of his numbers, it will bee a
meane to gather wealth many waies: for if you keepe a mer-
chants booke, you shall learne his accounts, the prices of his
wares, and the gaines of them, as well by great, as by retails:
as well outward, as homeward: & this is a sure way to wealth.
Againe,

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agaïne, if thou be aduanced to place of office, to keepe account of the number of the people, the duties, tributes, and what payments soeuer to be made by them, for subsidies, fifteenes, customes, and what else soeuer. Arithmaticke is most necessary for thy speedy dispatch of all those busineses: for howsoeuer honour may be sought or bought by them that haue enough, let kee thou wealth, and that will bring thee what the world can giue thee: for, if thou fall into want, and impairing or spending thy stocke, be forced to take some meane course for thy maintenance, I wil tel thee what thou shalt find true: the honest wil only pittie thee, and say thou maist keepe a schole, tis an honest trade: where a churle wil grudge at his groat, for a shillings worth of labour, in beating quicke sense into a dull wit: who, if hee be not capable of a good vnderstanding, yet shall the fault of his imperfection be imputed to thy negligence, and thou vnderseued, receiue either a frowne or a fowle word for thy labour: now the proud peacocke that hath a little more mony then wit, wil perhaps entertaine thee to a blew coate, and forty shillings: which, how gracious it will be to a good spirit, thou shalt finde, and I shal be soye to here: Belæue me, if thou haue all the sciences, be furnished with many languages, and art acquainted with honourable courses, and hast a heart as honest as can liue, yet if thou lacke wealth to grace all the rest, thou shalt haue a fowle come ouer thee, and a knaue abuse thee, and he whose wit goes no further then his trade, so play vpon thy misery. With scanning thy course of life, that thou wilt wish rather neuer to be borne, then to be borne downe with unhappinesse: yea for necessities sake thou shalt be enforced to bestowe thy studie in fictions and follies, and to spend thy spirit in vaine: yea I may say, vile inuentions, to commend an vnworthy person, to the wound of thine owne conscience, who though he looe to heare himselfe flattered, yet perhaps when hee hath very miserably rewarded thee, yet wil he lye of his bounty, which is little better then beggery: Oh what a plague is it to a noble spirit, through mere want, to present an Asse, with a burthen of wit; or a base spirit with a tract of honour? Oh deare Will, the
C wealthy

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wealthy that haue but a little wit, will grow rich, with making a benefit of thy labours : while thou not waying thy lacke of iudgement, in the first directing of thy course, wilt pine away with sorrowe to thinke of thy mistaken fortune: in brieft therefore followe my counsell, studie all the Artes superficially, but chiefly Arithmatique, for it is the assured way to wealth: be not ignorant in diuinity, for it is the soules comfort: and take heed of Poetry, least it runne away with thy wit: for it hath commonly one of these three properties, belibelling the wicked, abusing the honest, or pleasing the foolish: and therefore though some excellent man may haue an excellent humour, doe thou rather reade in an evening, then make thy dayes worke in thy studie of idlenesse: gine them praise that deserue it, but doe not thou bend thy delight towards it: for in a word, it is more full of pleasure then profit. Thus haue I writ thee a tedious letter, hoping that if thou wilt followe my advise, it will doe thee no harme: and if so much good as I desire, I shall be glad to see it: in the meane time, leauing thy courses with thy selfe, to the guiding and tuition of the Almighty, I rest:

Thine in much affection,
R. P.

To his most honoured Lady Madam,
Isabella Tarina.

Honourable Madame, how my unworthinesse may hope of your goodnesse, I cannot finde: but in the notes of your noblenesse, which, as it may well challenge the height of your title, so doth it binde a world of seruants to your good favour: among whom, my selfe more desirous then able to deserue the least of your good countenance, am yet presumptuous to trouble you with an humble sute: I haue a sister of yeares sufficient, to vnderstand betwixt good, and euill: and of disposition, I thanke God not amisse: her bringing vp hath bene chiefly at her booke, and needle, but yet is she not unfurnished of

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of other parts fit for a servant of her place : which if it might so stand with your good pleasure, should be to attend our honour in your chamber : her truth I will undertake, for her diligence I will not doubt of : her kind nature I can speake of, and her affection to your Ladship, I knowe is not a little : if therefore in all these, she may be pleasing to your entertainment, I shall be bound to your good fauour in the honour of her preferment : which being the highest advancement, that her duty can deserve, I leaue her seruice with mine owne, to your honourable employment. So craving pardon to my boldnesse, with fauour to my sute, I humbly take my leave.

Your Ladships, in all humblenesse,

F. W.

To my most beloued God-father,
T. H.

God-father, at the Font you gaue me a name, and as I haue heard, and read of others, you undertooke to see mee brought up in learning, and in the feare of God : I doe not remember that euer I yet receiued penny from you, towards the charge thereof : and you hauing neither charge of wife nor childzen, might doe well to bestowe your blessing vpon mee, in somewhat better then a bare hand, which will buy nothing : is it possible, that hauing one sote in the graue, the other should be so farre off : am I your nearest in nature ; and shall I be furthest off in loue : I know not the cause, but what euer it be misconceiued in unkindnes, let me intreat you, to beleeue my loue, and I desire no more : for when you are wearie of the flattery of those that feede vpon you, among the great showes of your kindnesse, that you daily raine downe vpon their fieldes, you will I hope bestowe one droppe of grace vpon my ground : I will obey nothing but your will, and will loue you more then they which tell you more : be not couetous to gather for them that gape for your goods : and be not false handed

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to him, who loues you moze then al you haue: and the good that you wil doe, let it be in your life, that you may see your contentment in the issue of your kindnesse: loath I am to weary you with words, and therefore in the loue of a true heart, which daily prayeth for your health and hearts ease, hoping that God wil moue you for my good, whoseuer is a meane of my hurt, I cease further at this time to trouble you, but rest alwaies in the duty of mine humble loue.

Your affectionate good sonne. T. B.

To my dearest beloved friend on earth,
H. W.

Honest Harry, out of the troubled spirit of a tormētēd hart I write to thee, and therefore beare with my skil if it be not in the pleasing nature of so good an humoꝝ as I could wish, and thou art worthy of: but as I know thee able to iudge of colours better then the blind eyes of beetle heads, and of that true kindnesse, that can and doth rather comfort the afflicted, then encrease the sorowes of the distressed: let me impart to thee some part of my passion, that patience in thy pittie, may the better play her part in my spirit: what shall I say? I liue as without life, pleasuring in nothing, crossed in al hopes, put in many feares, languishing in many sorowes, and troubled with the grieve of a wounded conscience: not with the horror of murder, the feare of treason, noꝝ delight of sinne: but with the cruelty of fortune, the unkindnesse of friends, and the breach of my credit: and most of all, with them whom I most loue. Oh God, my heart aketh, and blame it not: and my spirit mourneth, and repone it not: for though patience be a vertue that maketh men diuine, yet there is but one Christ, & men are no Angels: and let me tell thee true, the misery of my life is intollerable in the sense of nature: for compare the afflictions of the most patient, with the causes of my passions, and prouide a word of pittie, to behold the mappe of my miseries: hath one man bene wealthy

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wealthy, & become poore: so am I: hath another suffered long? so doe I: an other buried his parents, children, & deare friends? so haue I: an other traiailed farre in hope of gaine, and returne with losse: so haue I: an other bene wounded in the wars, fared hard, laine in a cold bed, many a bitter sorrowe, and bene at many a hard banquet: all these haue I: an other imprisoned, so haue I: an other long bene sicke: so haue I: an other plagued with an vnquiet wife: so am I: an other indebted to his hearts grieffe, and faine would paie and cannot? so am I: another in loue: so haue I: an other out of loue with himselfe: so am I: in summe, when any of these crosses, are able to kill the heart of a kind spirit, and all these lye at once so heauie vpon my heart, as nothing but the hand of God can remoue, besides my continual toyle, for the reward of vnquietnesse: while that which should be my comfort, is my sorrowe, imagine how, with all this, I can liue: & thinke what a death it is, thus to liue: Oh the scoone of the proud, the abuse of the vngracious, the scoffe of the foolish, and the scanning of the vnkind: the company of the discontented, and the want of the most afflicted: the disgrace of learning, the losse of time, and the misery of want. If there be a hell on the earth, it cannot be farre from this cause of my discomfort: where I am sure, the diuel seeing my desire to serue God, laieth all the barres he can in the way of my best comfort: but I despoise him and hope in Christ: that my liuing and louing God, who hath tryed my soule in aduersities, wil one day in his mercy, so looke vpon me, that the diuel shal be dzenen backe from his purpose, and the tears of my sorrow wipe away, I shal reioyce in such a ioy, as all my griefes cleane forgotten, my heart, & soule, shall in the ioy of all my sense, in the heavenly harmony of a holy himne, sing a new song of praise, to the gloze of my Saviour: for the hastening whereof, in my deliuerance from my sorowes, and comforts in his mercies, I wil frame my daily prayers, and be assured of thy Amen: but I feare I am tedious, and therefore wil thus end: God continue my patience, but not my sorowes, giue me deliuerance from my miseries, and make me thankful for his blessings: and blesse thee with as much

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much happines, as thou knowest I want: so leauing my hopes to his mercies, and vs both to his tuition: I rest; with as little rest, as I thinke any man can rest.

Thine, or not mine owne,

N. R.

To his faire Mistresse and hearts honour,
Mistresse A. T.

LADY, I haue bene so ill a scholler to loue, that I neuer yet learned the courting of beauty, neither would I willingly vse Art to abuse vertue: and therefore if plaine truth may haue grace, I will vse no Atturney in this case: which being to be iudged in your kindnesse, I will onely craue audience, and stand to your arbitrement: my case being mine owne lawyer, thus I plead, your eyes haue stolne my heart: now I must either be accessory to mine owne hurt, or accuse you of the felony: but rather willing to lose my hart in your eyes, then keepe them to looke on other light, I will onely appeale to your selfe, what to doe in this passion: If I loue, you must know it, for your eyes haue my heart: and if I lose my heart, you must haue it, for your eyes are well woorthy of it: but now you haue it, preserve it for your service, let it not dye in displeasure, that hath no life but in your loue: if it could speake, it would tell you how dearely, highly, and onely it honours you, and if you will beleeue it, you shall quickly find it: for it is dedicated to your service, and hath no care, but of your fauour: keepe it then to your vse, vse it to your pleasure, and let it dye in other comfort. In summe, not to dwell vpon ceremonies, it is nothing mine, but all yours: and if it may liue in your eyes, it seeks no other heauen in this world: vntill it not then from you that hath no life but in you: and take it wholly to you, that is as nothing without you: so leauing it with my selfe, to the honour of your onely service, I take my leaue for this time:

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time : but will rest ever,

Yours answered and deuoted,

R. S.

To his very good friend, Master R. B. at his
house in Colk

S^p, I knowe you loue no long letters, and my sute being to
most men so vnpleasing, I would be loath to be tedious : I
haue purchased a piece of land, and laid out all my mony, now
vpon the sodeine, an vnerpected occasiō puts me to an extraor-
dinary charge: for the furnishing whereof, I am constrained to
try my good friends: among which, pzeloming of your kind pro-
mise vpon any vrgent occasion to stand me in stead, I am to
intreat you by this bearer, to helpe me to forty pounds: where-
in you shall so much pleasure me, as so much may doe, and as
I can requite it, I will not forget it: I would haue it for sixe
moneths : my day I will not breake, I will take it kindly,
and deserue it thankfully : my seruant is trusty, and
therefore I pray you send it by him : and as you will bee assu-
red of my loue, see de mee not with delays nor excuse : for I
knowe you haue it, and you knowe I will pay it. Thus loath
to vse you like a Broker, to send you a pawne, as an honest
neighbour, let me be beholding to your kindnesse, in which you
shall giue me cause in the like, or a greater matter to rest vpon
at as short a warning.

Your assured friend to vse,

R. H.

To the Right worshipfull my very good master, Syr
Thomas Ward Knight: at his house in Padome.

S^p, after mine humble duty, I haue talked with diuerse of
those parties, to whō you directed me touching y^e benefit to
be made

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made of the sute, which you haue in hand, whose opinions I finde diuerse: yet all agreeing in this, that if you can procure it irreuocable, the mony wil be aduentured: otherwise, they are loath to engage their states and credits, too far vpon bare hopes, for liues are vncertaine, and in the change of times, diuerse things fall out contrary to expectation: you shall therefore doe well befoze you trouble any of them in it, to make sure of the matter, in such sort as may be best for your profit: for the sute being effected to good purpose, leaue to me to deale in it to your content: there is much muttering that you are like to be crossed in it, I would therefore wish you to trie your strength in it, and not to slip time, for it is pretious in a good course: beare with me I beseech you, if I moue your patience, in vrging your speede: for it is for your owne good: against your coming to towne, I will haue somewhat else for you to set on foote, for he that will worke, must not haue the fire without an yron: but not knowing your businesse, I will forbear at this time to trouble you with idle netwies: and only praying for your health and hearts ease, comit the consideration of your owne causes, to the managing of your good discretion: and so humbly take my leaue for this time, and rest alwaies.

Your Worships humble seruant, I. T.

To my assured louing friend, T. B.
with speede.

NOne paiment of debts, is not onely a cracke in credit, but a losse of friends: vpon your letter I furnished your want: and fortune hauing bene your friend, a large conscience mee thinketh doth not wel: your excuse I yet know not, nor can wel deuise it: but acquaint me with it, that I may not wrong your disposition: for a settled affection, expecteth the like measure in kindnesse: the mony you had of me is not much, but if it haue done you pleasure I am glad of it: and if you can well spare it, by this bearer, I pray you returne it, or the cause why you detain it: I haue lately bought sheepe to stoe a pasture that I haue taken to farme, and my mony being short, I am bold to write

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W^{rite} to you for mine own, which if it come, shall be welcome, if not, so that I know how it may staede you, I will forbear it: and for the conference betwixt your sonne, and my daughter, I thinke they are moze ready for vs, then we for them: your mind I know, and am contented with it, for as I see their proceedings, we will soone fall vpon agreement: and to be plaine with you, I thinke I were best rather to prouide you moze money then demand any moze that you haue, and therefore making your excuse, in this onely point of affection, intreating pardon for my plaine manner of writing, assuring you, that if this matter goe forward, (as it is no other like) as their loues, so shall our purses be one: and thus hoping of your health as mine owne, with commendations to your kinde sonne, your selfe, and your good Shrew, I commit you to the Almighty: **Caunterbury, this fourth of August. 1604.**

Your very louing friend. N.T.

To a Iudge in the behalfe of an offender.

M^y good Lord, your honourable care of Justice, I hope is seasoned with the charitable weight of mercie: for though the Law cutteth off offence by sharpe punishment, yet death take away repentance, and where there is sorrow, there is signe of grace: the best Iudge of true Justice, *Christ Iesus*, pardoned the great sinner, and with the gentile rebukes of sin, no moze called her to great grace: now shall Justice, vpon the first fact vse another course vpon an offender? I know it is your path to doe Justice, yet may you giue time of repentance, in reprieuing this poore man, whose pardon will be easily attained. Your hono^r shall doe a good deepe, God in imitating his course in Justice, will surely regard and reward you, the penitent offender shall be bound euer to pray for you, my selfe with all his friends, will truely hono^r you, and no doubt but our King, who is full of mercie, when his Maiestie shall here of it will commend you: beseeching therefore your honour to stay the sentence of his death vntill the next Assise, or to graunt
D his

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him a cephine till the said time : leauing the poze mans life to a word of your mouth, with my humble and bounden seruice to your honourable commandemēt. in prayer for your good health and all other happinesse: I humbly take my leaue.

Your honours in all humblenesse,

D. H.

A Letter of complements,
To my very good friend Maister H. VV. at
his house in *Kelton*.

S^P, if I could haue let passe so fit a messenger without some thankfull remembzance, I were vnwoorthy of so good a friend: but your kindnesse being such, as wil euer worke in a good mind, I pray you let me salute you with this little token of my loue: The runlet is of such lacke, as Britowe hath no better, and the sugar-lofe for your good Lady, I assure you is right Barbary, which at this time is here of some price, but vpon the ceasing of the troubles there, I hope we shal haue it cheape here: in the meane time, howsoeuer it be, what you neede, command in that, or what else may be in my power to accomplish: and so wishing I were with you at the killing of one of your fat Buckes, with my hartly commendations, to your selfe and your good bedfelow: and many thanks to you both for my great good cheare and most kind entertainment: hoping to see you at my house, at your coming to towne, where you shal make your owne welcome, I commit you to the Almighty, London, this xx. of July, 1604.

Your very louing and assured friend,

C. R.

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To his assured friend Maister Tho. Rise, at his
house in the Strand.

Against this time of my attendance vpon the Judge of this
circuit, I shall haue occasion to vse many things, whereof
I am now vnfurnished: your skill in chusing the best, and
knowing the prices, I know long since, by your kindnesse in
the like trouble: and therefore entreat you once moze to take a
little paines with this bearer my seruant, in helping him, in the
laying out of his mony, vpon such parcels, as in my note for
mine vse, I haue set downe: your trauele noz kindnesse shall be
vnthankfully forgotten, and wherein I may in this country or
else where pleasure you, you shall not faile of my best meanes:
If you haue any netwes, I pray you acquaint me with them,
and if the shippers be come from the Indies, what good successe
they haue had: but some earnest businesse makes me briefer
then I otherwise would be: and therfore hoping of your health,
and not doubting of your kindnesse, with my hartly commen-
dations, I commit you to the Almighty: Salop, this twelfth of
of Iune, 1604.

Your assured friend.

T. M.

To his very good friend master, S. B.
at his house in Ferll.

Sir, where you wrote vnto me, touching the Sale of your
Lordshippe of Bar, I cannot answere you for two causes:
the one, of price is too high: the other, your hast of mony is
too great: for touching your price, the land you know is much
impaired since the death of your father, the woods are lowe and
& very backward, by cutting it afoze their full growth: and your

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treēs are so wasted, that there is scarce a piece of timber worth the selling: your House is cherefully spoiled for lacke of draining, and your pastures are so ouer-growne with bushes, that it will aske great cost in stubbing, befoze it be brought to any good passe: yet notwithstanding, for that we haue bene vpon speech for it, and that you seeme willing to deale with me, if you will pitch a reasonable price, your money shall not be long deferred: I pray you therefore, if I may haue it as I tolde you, if it be a hundreth pounds more, I care not, but further in dede, I will not goe a pennie: let me know your minde by this bearer out of hand, for I am offered (I thinke) a better bargaine: but for my Records sake, and the rather to be your neighbour, that we may now and then haue a game at Bowles or two, hoping of your good health & your bedfellowes, I commit you to the Almighty: From my house, this 13. of June. 1604.

Your very iouing freind. E. F.

A Letter to a proude Mistresse.

How beautie wil make a soule proude, I would your plaster worke did not witness: but had you wit to helpe wickednesse, you would put a Barrat out of countenance: your countenance is made after your conceite, as full of merry trickes as a Donkey, and for your soote pace, I thinke you haue soze heeles, you walke so nicely as vpon Egg-shels: your haire is none of your owne, and for your steeple tyze it is like the gaude of a Maide-Masran, so that had you a sole by the hand you might walke where you would in a Morrice dance: Oh fine come to it, how it fiddles like a Hackney that would tire at halfe a mile: Well your Tobacco bzeath with your toothlesse chappes, will be shortly such bad ware, that you wil stand in the Market, and no man bid a penny for you but what eoe I meane to spoyle paper with such matter, and therefore I wil heare abruptly ende: wash your face, scourc your hands, put on a cleane smocke, get you to your prayers, repent your wickednesse, and mourne to death for your soules sake, for your carke.

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carkasse, is not worth the carrying to the earth: and so hoping that in a good humour you wil doe somewhat better then hang your selfe: I leave you to his mishappe that findes you for the most filthy creature on this earth: till you be neuer moze seene in the world.

Your poore friend at a pinch. B.T.

A vile answere of a perilous wench.

Betwixt a railing knave and a Rascall, what is the difference? and from a nittie Rogue, what can be lookt for but a Louse: Oh diuell incarnate, who euer knew such a villaine? your haire I will not meddle with, for feare of a fall, but I wonder the Jewellers doe not deale with you for a face, where a pinne can scarce stand betwixt a pearle, and a Rubie: Oh, the French Kewme bids you keepe out of the winde for feare your swell stakes scarce hold up a rotten carkasse: now in need of a Morrice-dance, you know the way by Holborne, where the Hang-man at the Gallows stays to learne you a new turne: but thou wretched wome, unworthy the name of a man, get thee to thy knees, aske forgiveness of all the world, make thy confession in the Cart, and commend thy soule to the Lord, for thy flesh the dogs will not meddle with: and so in hast hoping my letter may come to thee afore the last call: I end in hast.

Thy charitable friend. B. C.

A Letter of Challenge to a Swaggerer.

Spira, your swaggering is so foolish that children laugh at you where you goe: and for your valour, if your father be away, your sword will doe no hurt: your telling of pates feare none but flies, and for your bratie wordes, they are nothing but winde: but least I doe you some pleasure, in telling you of your faults, let this suffice to make an end of all matters. To morrow in the morning you shall haue me by eight of the

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clocke, in the field beyond your lodging, neere unto the poole, where if you dare come alone, you shall finde me without company: reaby to doe moze then I will speake: till when, expecting no other answere then your selfe, I rest.

Your anowed enemye,

I. T.

A dogged Answer.

DO you imagine me a *Philistian*, that you beginne to play *Goliath* in a Letter? I assure you, if your deedes bee like your wordes, my father will not abide the winde of you: but so, my sword it hath a point, and therefore cares not a point for you: if you bee not drunke, I muse what madness doth possesse you: but the best is, I hope, now you haue spoken, you haue done: for I will be there where you appoint, but I thinke will not perforce, but as you tel me of my faults: I hope to whip you for yours: and so soze to haue lost so much time about idlenesse, I end.

Yours as I haue reason,

J. R.

To my very good cosen M. I. D. at
his house in Swandes.

Cosen I vnderstand you are determined to put your younger sonne apprentice to a Merchant: beleue me, I allow of your resolution herein, for I that haue travelled farre, and seene much, can speake somewhat of them, and their noble profession, I could well giue it a higher title, for a right Merchant is a royall fellow: hee is desirous to see much, to trauaile much, and sometime to gaine a little, doth aduenture much:
though

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though sometime for a little adventure he doth gaine much: but what are the sundry natures of perils, as well at Sea, as at land: as well of his goods, as his person: none knoweth but him selfe, or like himselfe: but having travelled farre, and finished his voyage, after his safe returne, having giuen God thanks, note what is the course of his life: to obserue a comely order in the citie, and enrich many poore men by the retayling of his goods, who sit at ease and sell in their shops, that he with great toyle & daunger fetched out of far Countries. Now, say his gaine be great, let it be answered, in the desert of his trauaile, shall a faire or a fine horse, brought out of *Barbary*, bee here finely kept, well fed, and neatly dressed, and richly attyred: and shall not a Merchant, that hath trauailed many Miles beyonde *Barbary*, not bee thought worthy of a fine house, good land, daintie faire, and an honozable tittle: for the resolution of his adventure, and the toyle of his trauaile, shall a Lute or Citerne, brought out of *Italy*, be put in a case of velvet, and laced with golde for well sounding: and shall not a Merchant that fetcht that Lute, and went farre further then that country for better commodities, not be thought worthy of his gaine, and honoured for his minde: shall the Lawyer sell bzeath at a high rate: and shall the Merchant bee grudged his price for his wares: what shall I say: who vp-holdes the State of a Cittie: or the honour of a State vnder the King, but the Merchant: who beautifieth a Court with Jewels, and outward ornaments, but the trauaile of the Merchant: who beautifies the Gardens with sundry sortes of fruites and flowers: but the trauailling merchant: hee may well bee called the Merchant, the Sea-singer, or the maker of the Sea to sing: the Sea-singer, when hee hath faire winde and good weather, and maketh the Sea to sing, when shee sees the goodly houses that floate vpon her waues, and cast ancho: in her Sands. But let mee leaue the Sea, and come to the Land, consider of the sweete and ciuill manner of their liues, whose houses moze neat: whose wiues moze modest: whose apparell moze comely: whose diet moze daintie: & whose cariage moze commendable:

valiant

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valiant without quarrels, merry without madnesse, bountifull in their gifts, and royall in their banquets: whose childezen are better nurtured: whose seruants better gouerned: whose house better stuffed and maintained: furthermoze, what comfort haue the distressed found beyond the Seas: and how many poore doe they relieue at home: what Colledges: what Hospitals: what Almes houses haue they builded: and in effect what Cities haue they enlarged, and what Countries haue they enriched: how fewe Lawyers can say so: if that be al true, which much moze might be said in their honoz: giue them their right, say the Marchant is a royal fellow, and goe forwarde with your intent, if you will euer haue your sonne see any thing, know any thing, doe any thing, or be woorth any thing, put him to a Marchant, and giue with him such a portion as out of his yeares may set vp his Trade or Trafficke: doubt not he wil doe wel, and thinke not he can almost do better: so beseeching God to blesse him in al his courses, without which wil be worse then nothing, I pray you doe as I wish you, charge him to serue God, and so turne him to the world: and thus hauing truly written you my opinion touching your purpose, wishing health and honour, and all happinesse, to all woorthy true Marchants, in hope of your health I commit you to the Almighty. *London, this twentieth of August. 1604.*

Your very louing Cosen, N. B.

A Letter of Loue to a most sweet and wise creature.

Sweet, were that spirite that by the instinct of loue doth vnderstand the silence of truth: whole tongue is his heart, and whole wordes are sighes, in which are hidden those secret fruites of comfort, that onely growe in the ground of your grace: Mouchlate therefore faire sweet, with the sunne-bright eyes of your beautie, to cast one looke vpon the rude lines of this poore Letter: which if it haue bene so unhappy
as

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Unhappy as to moue your displeasure, let the fire bee the reward of his presumption: but if through the fauor of the faults, or the vertue of your gracious pittie, it hath bene woorthie the reading, let me be metamorphosed to worse then nothing, if I desire to bee any other thing then that may please you in all ceremonies and circumstances, or in affection, and therefore, leaving my seruice to your command, and my loue to the life of your fauour, wishing to dislike the Phoenix, to receiue in the beames of your beautie, I rest full of vnrrest, till I may fullie rest,

Tours as you may if you will,

R. E.

The Ladies answer.

WHe were that heart which could pierce into the conceit of that spirit: which with the Art of lone, seeketh to inchant the trust of simplicitie: which, for not suspecting of euil, falls vpon the point of much miserie: Oh poore truth, how art thou made a baile or coner for deceit: when vnder the shadow of Paradise, is sought the way to hel. Oh cursed trees that carrie such fruit, but not to wronge any creature: Happy may that heart line, which in faith onely seekes his felicitie: and pardoned be that paper that doth but his duetic. Let then all sighes be drowned in the depth of oblivion, while Silence vnderstandeth that Vertue speaketh. Now for the nest of the Phoenix, if you can clime so high and carrie away neuer a feather with you, then it is but a fiction, or vertue unhappy, but to wait the issue of honours hope, to the blisse of vertues fauour, I rest, when I further vnderstand you, as I think good to answer you, and til then, and alwaies rest,

Tours as falls, as I well may,

A. B.

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A Reply to the answer.

V Pwozthir were that minde of the thought of loue, which could giue place to the treason of betraying of trust; and moze then miserable were that life, that towards hell could make such a passage. Oh Angelike creature, thinke not the world the habitation onely of the accursed, nor doe wrong to loue, in suspition of truth: You say, happie be that life that seekes happinesse in faithfulness: but what doe you say to loue? A simple conceit cannot discend into suspition, and the thought of deceit is hateful to loue. Bee not then incredulous where loue is vertuous, and for the fiction of the Phoenix, make the substance true in your selfe, whose least thought of fauour shal be worth al the feathers of the fairest bird that flieth. So reposing hopes comfort on the honour of your kindness, beseeching you to vnderstand nothing of me moze then all yours, I rest in that onely rest, euer to rest.

Yours onely and all,

E. A.

An Answer to the same.

V Phappie be that soule, which in suspition of truth should wrong the vertue of loue; and blessed be that heart, which in hate of treason, makes faith his felicitie. Silence is a language that conceit is onely acquainted with, and gentle is that waire which giues not deadly wound: feare not then the paine that a breath wil blow away, when the hope of comfort wil cure the disease: but what neede moze figures, flic the way to hell, and finde the way to heauen. Let thy heart goe with thy tongue, and the Echo wil giue a happie sound. Till when, not doubting the diuine nature of loue to be free from the diuillish poison of deceit: I rest as I finde reason.

Yours in affection, though not assuring,

M. T. To

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To his deereſt, faireſt, and wortheiſt of loue, honour,
and ſeruiſe, Miſtreſſe E T.

If I ſhould commend you aboue the Moone, and compare you with the Sunne, you would put me in the cloudes for a flatterer; but knowing your owne worth, and finding the ſubſtance of my truth, you cannot blame in admiration, to ſpeake truth of your perfection, which of what power it is in drawing the ſeruiſe of reaſon, if you would beleue, loue would quickly tell you: but the courſe of inſtancie in the bntwiſe, breedeth diſtruſt of truth in the moſt faithfull: but all birdes are not of one feather, nor all men of one minde. In brieſe, not to make a long harueſt of a little cozne, which being ripe, would be gathered in good time: let truth be my ſpokes-man, and beleue my comfort, the hope whereof, as my onely worldeſ hap-pines, referring onely, to the care of your kindnes, in the faith of true affection, I reſt,

Yours avowed and aſſured,
R. N.

A letter to a friend to borrow a piece of mony.

Sir, as nothing moze trieth a friend then calamitie, ſo is there nothing moze grieuous then to be beholding: In kindnes therefore, if I may become your debtoꝝ for five pounds, it is not much, yet will it pleaſure me moze then a little: your appointed day I wil not bzeake with you, and where-in I may thankfully requite you: you ſhall finde no forgetful-nes of your kindnes: but time is pretious, and therefore entreating your ſpedie anſwer, in hope of no deniall, I reſt,

Your aſſured friend to command,

T. W.

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The Answer.

I Would bee as glad to pleasure you as any man, but truly I cannot be blamed, for more then for my necessary use, that I cannot spare: I am not presently furnished: I pray you therefore take not a denial unkindly: for if my credit will pleasure you, I will not faile my best to doe you good, if otherwise you would bidge me, it will be to little purpose: and therefore soze that I am not in tune to satisfie your expectation, I must leave patience to your kinde discretion, which as you knowe me, shall commaund me: for I am, and will be to the uttermost of my power,

Your assured friend,

D. S.

To my best beloued Cousen mistresse H. C.
at his house in pe. in *Chesh.*

My good Cousen I remember at my last being with you, we had some conference about consideration: beleeue me, when I consider the world, and what I haue seene in it, and the best things of it: and that all in effect, is as nothing, or rather worse, if any thing at all, I wonder how men, who haue so much iudgement of good, from euill, will shewe so little vnderstanding of good, in following of euill: how can those men that knowe the incertaine time of death, live as though they thought neuer to dye: how can he that readeth, or heareth the word of God, and belieneth the truth of it, be so careless of it, and so disobedient to it? will men bee sicke, that may bee whole? or dye, that may live? what shall I say? but as Paul saide

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saide to the Cozinthians: O yee foolish people, who hath bewitched yee: it is the word of God, that transgression is as the sonne of witchcraft: and surely, if men were not bewitched with sinne, they could not so delight in wickednesse: being the crosse and barre to all their happinesse: could the thiefe consider the dōme of the lawe, or the misery of the dispoiled, surely hee would not steale: if the adulterer did consider the filthinesse of his action, and the shame of his folly, surely hee would turne honest: if the murtherer, did consider the horroz of death, and the terroz of sinne, hee would neuer kill: In bzielse, if any sinner would looke into the soule nature of sinne, hee would bee out of loue with it, and if hee did consider the power of Gods wrath, he would bee afraid of it: Nay, could or would man consider the goodnesse of God towards him, in commanding and forbidding nothing but that which is good for him, how could hee bee so forgetfull of his owne good, in offending the Authour of all goodnesse? If the vnthrift could consider the misery of want, sure he would not bee carelesse of his estate: if the conietous could consider the misery of the poore, hee would be moze charitable: if the Swaggrer could consider the comelinesse of sobriety, and the shame of immodesty, surely hee would bee moze ciuill. If the magistrate did consider the misery of the poore, hee would not be so carelesse of their torment, put them to such sorow, but remember that iustice without mercy, is too neare a touch of Tiranny. If the offendant did consider the grieve and shame of punishment, hee would continue himselfe within the compasse of a better course: If hee that preacheth the word, and followeth it not, could consider the heavinesse of Gods iudgement, and the shame of his folly, hee would doubtlesse bee moze carefull of his soule, and moze kinde to his flock: If the lawyer could consider the lawe of God, hee would neuer griene his clyent, nor speake against a knowne truth: but as I saide before, to leane tediousnesse, it is the onely lack of consideration, that maketh the heedlesse wil of man to runne the way of erroz, to the ruine of his best comfort,

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and therefore entreat you, notwithstanding my allowance of your iudgement touching the heavenly providence, and power in the motion of all good action: yet so to allowe of my opinion touching consideration, that it is a great, and one of the greatest causes of the confusion of reason, by the corruption of nature: and knowing that the care of your consideration is such as doth and may wel give example to the most expert, to follow the rules of your directions in the whole course of your life, wishing my selfe so happy, as to enjoy the company of so good a friend, till I see you and ever: I rest in fast settled affection.

Your very loving friend. N. V.

To my sweete loue Mistresse
E. P.

Sweete Loue, if absence could breede forgetfulnesse, then fortune should doe much harme to affection: but when the eye of the mind looketh into the ioy of the heart, the sentence may wel be spoken. As in silence you may heare me, so in absence you may see me: for loue is not an honours humour, nor a shadowe of light, but it is a light of the spirit, and a continuing passion: thinke not therefore, I do or can forget thee, or loue my selfe, but for thee: shortly I hope to see thee, and in the meane time, though not with thee, yet not from thee, nor wel at rest with my selfe, till I may rest onely with thee, I rest alwaies to rest.

*Thine only and all:
F. W.*

Her Answer.

My deare, if delays were not a death to loue, excuse were currant in the construction of kingdomes: but sentences are better spoken then vnderstood, and a pleasing presence, is better then an excused absence: remembrance is good,
but

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but possession better, and loue holdeth memory, but a kinde of melancholy. Let your selfe therefore be your messenger rather of your loue, then your letters, lest fortune in a madde fit be a crosse to your best comfort, not in respect of my constancy, but my parents unkindnesse: This is all I wil write at this time, but wishing a happy time, to the beginning of a neuer ending, I rest til that time, and at all times: on the same,

*Yours as you knowe,
E. P.*

An old mans letter to a yong widowe.

W know, I haue neither a smooth face nor a filed tongue, to cheate your eyes, nor abuse your eares with a: but a true heart, and a constant mind, that doth inwardly loue you, and wil neuer deceiue you, fickle heades, and unbridled wills, know not wher, nor how to bestow themselves, when their wits goe a wolgathering among shewes, that haue bad flatterers: they may be kind but not constant, and loue loues no out-lookers: besides, light heads haue no staied heeles, and a little wealth soone spent, who knoweth the woe of want can tell you the difference betwixt an olde mans darling and a young mans warling: Why: how can they loue, that scarce know how to like: I knowe you haue many suiters of worth: but none that I thinke worthy, for none can loue you so much, nor esteeme you so well: for I haue knowne the world, and care not for it, nor for any thing but you, in it: If there be any al I haue may please you and my selfe, to loue and honour you, make my comfort your contentment: and I wil seeke no other paradise in this world. Thus hoping that reason in your fauour, wil effect the hope of my affection, leauing to your selfe, to be your selfe: I rest,

*Yours, or not his owne,
T. P.*

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Sir, if I could euer see you, but in a Letter, I should delight much in your presence, but contraries are not correspondēt: a grey head and a greene minde fit not, your perswasions were forcible, were not your selfe of too much weaknesse: but, though for your good wil, I thanke you, yet for nothing wil I be indebted to you: not for a world would I be troubled with you: for, as our yeeres, so I feare, our fancies wil be different: and then patience mowing, sholler may breed discontentment: when to be an old mans warling is a kinde of curse to nature: you say wel, who can lone, that knowes not how to like: and the senses vncapable of their comfort, what is imaginatiō but a dreame: a blind man can iudge no colours, a deafe man hath no skil in musike, a dumb man, no eloquence, and an old man little feeling in louers passion: for my suitors, they lose my time, and some their owne, and for their worth, I shal iudge of the most worthy: now for their wittes, if they lose not their owne waxes, let them gather wolle where they can, but for your lone, I wil not venture on it, lest being too olde it be not swete, and for my yong suitors, I hope I shal take heed of shadowed sorrowes: and for fortune, while vertue gouernes affection, I wil not feare my felicitie: so hoping your own reason wil perswade you to haue patience with your passion, and leaue me to my better comfort: meaning to be as you wish me, my selfe: and none other: I rest,

Not yours, if mine owne.

P. M.

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A Letter of a young man to his
sweet heart.

My loue, if I could haue as good passage as my Letters, I would bee a better messenger of my thoughts, then my words can expresse: but as the secret of my heart is sealed bp in my letter, so is the secret of my loue sealed bp in my heart: which none can see, but your eyes, noz shall knowe, but your kindnesse. Let me not then languish in the lingring hope of my desires, but hasten my comfort in the onely answer of your content: you knowe the houre of the first meeting of our fantasies, the true continuance of our Irremouable affections, and why will you not appoint the conclusion of our comfort? Trial cannot let you doubt my loue: and loue wil beswozne soz the security of my truth; both which thus far plead soz me in your fauour: giue truth the reward of triall, and loue the regard of truth, and desire not the sentence of iustice, to let mee liue or dye in your iudgement: soz imprisoned I am in your beauty, bound in the bands of your seruice, and liue but in the hope of your fauour, in which I rest euer and only, to rest happy in this world.

*Yours, though not yours,
R. E.*

An Answer to this Letter.

My sweet, I rather wisht your self, then your letter, though in the hast of your desire, your pzeence had bene to little purpose: soz deedes are in a good way, that are subscribed and sealed, but till the deliuey be made, the matter is not fully finished: haue therefore patience soz a time soz it is sone enough, that is wel enough: and yet I contesse in kindnesse, delay is little comfort: yet stay soz a faire day, though it be almost at noone: be perswaded of my affection, and let faith feare no fortune, soz loue can be no changeling, and so imagine of my selfe:

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selfe: when you offend, I will punish you, and when you doe please, I will praise you: so assuring truth beliefe, and love comfort, I rest so soone as I wel may, to giue the reason of your best rest; and till then and euer wil rest,

Yours as I may,

M. I.

A merry letter of newes, to a friend.

Right Troian, I know thou louest no complement, no carest for any trickes, but as a good fellowe, and a friende, wouldst heare how the world goeth: with all the world I am not acquainted with, and therfore I know not what to say to it, but for the little part of it, the petty place, or parish where I dwell, and some fewe miles about it, I will tell you there is a fall of Connies, for there is such a world of them every day in the market, that except they be young and fat, there is little mony bidden for them: Hackeney Jades are scarce worth their meat, and euery house hath such a dog, that not a begger dare come neare a doore: and not a mouse at a cheele, but a cat is at her heeles: Maide-marion of late was got with child in her sleepe, and the Hobby-horse was halfe mad, that the sole should be the father of it: a great talke there is of setting vp of a newe Lauerne, but Tobacco is the thing that wil vent the old sack: there is spoken so much gibbing, that we haue almost forgot our mother tongue: for euery boy in our schoule hath latine at his fingers ends, mary tis in a booke, for all his wit is in his copie, for in Capity he hath little: our free schoule is new painted with wisdom over the gate: for within, except some unhappy wag, there is no more wit then is necessary: now for other newes I will tell you, wet weather frights vs with a hard harvest, and vsurers are halfe mad for lacke of utterance of their mony: Lawe was neuer more in vse, no men more out of mony: and for womē they are strange creatures, for some of them haue

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haue three faces: and so fine in proud paces, that if they cary it as they doe, they will put many men out of countenance: for other ordinary matters, they are as you left them, a pot of Ale is worth a penny, a Watwe will haue bzanie cloathes, the man in the Downe is aboue the clowdes, and the knaue of Clubbes will still make one in the stocke: other things there are, that I am shortly to acquaint you with, in the meane time write vnto me how thou dost, and how the wind blowes on your side: and so sorry I haue no good thing to send thee: with the loue of my heart, I commit thee to the Almighty,

Thine to the end,

M. R.

An Answer.

Thou mad villaine, what hath walkt about thy bzaines, to put thy wits in such a temper? a tale of a tubbe, and the bottome out: well, to quite your kindnesse you shall know somewhat of our world. So it is, that the fore hath made a hand with most of our fat Geese, the Wolfe meetes with our Lambes befoze they can well goe from the dambe: and the water-Rat hath so spoilde our fish-poles, that if he had not bene caught with a trap, wee might haue gone to Sea for a red herring: Our Bailiffes Bul runnes through all the Rie in our parish, and the Tanners dogge hath worried a wilde Sow. The Bailiffe of our hundzeth takes vpon him like a Justice, & since the newe Alehouse was set vp, the Constable is much troubled: but though oates be ranke, and rye be ripe, wheate is but thirne, and barly short, good fellowship goes downe the winde, and yet wenches are right bzied: our Piper is false sicke of an Ale surfet, and olde Huddle, got a blowe at midnight, that makes him straddle all daie: Parnell

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shall haue her sweet hart, in spight of Tom-Tincker, and ther
is wondzing in the towne, that thou art not in the gayle befoze
the Sessions: but be thou of good cheare, there is time enough
foz a good turne, and come when thou wilt, thou shalt make
thine owne welcome. Oh mad slave, let me be merry with thee
a little. foz thou knowest I loue thee: thy Grandfire is going to
his graue, and hath bequeathed thee a knaues portion: the Bell
hath gone foz him, but so soone as he is past, I wil send thee word
in post, that foz grieve of his death thou maist drinke to all chri-
sten soules: my sister is where she was, and sweares thou art
honestest then thy father: I will say no moze, but thou hast
friends that thou knowest not, and therefore come when thou
wilt, we wil haue a health ere we part: and so in hast farewell,

Thine to the prooffe:

R. S.

To a young man going to trauell
beyond the Sea.

God Consen, I finde by your last letter, your pze sent in-
tent to trauell, I pray God it fall out foz your good: foz
though in respect of your yeares, your body be in good
state to indure some hardnesse, yet there is difference in the na-
tures of countries, both in the ayre, and the diet: but aboue these
things there are many things to be obserued, that negligently
regarded, may be greatly to your hurt: as first, foz your religi-
on, haue a great care that your eyes leade not your heart after
the hozroz of Idolatry, serue God sincerely, not fondly: not in
shewe, but in truth of zeale: and foz all your comfort in all your
course, that your trust in him and none else: now secondly, foz
your carkas, take heede of too much following the feminine sex,
and pray foz continence, it is a blessed vertue: I speake not
this, foz the common or base sort, foz I hope your spirit is too
high to stoupe to such game, but as the Sirenes, whose faces
are bewitching abiects, and whose voices, as Inchaunting mu-
sique,

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lique, if these be in the way of your eare or your eye, hast you from them, lest too late you find it too true, that you will hardly scape drowning when you are ouer head and eares: such weeds will hang on your heeles, as wil so hinder your swimming, that you wil hardly ouercome it in health, if you hap to scape with your life: furthermore, if you meete with some chaste Penilasse, whose beauty walkes euē with her vertue: let not a chaste eie in her, beget an vnchaste thought in you; I speak not this in feare of any thing but your youth; yet though I know you well disposed in many waies, I doubt you are not right in all: and this being a thing that I knowe most necessary, I thought in my loue to giue you a note of: now, for your purse, let it be priuate to your owne knowledge, lest it be an occasion of your unhappinessse, and bꝛeade you more partakers then for your profit: Now for your tongue, let it followe your wit, and tippe it with truth, that it may abide all tutch: and for your dret, let it be sparing; for better leaue with an appetite, then goe to Physicke for a surfet: now for your conuersation, chuse the wise, and rather heare them, then trouble them, and against all fortunes, take patience in all your passage: so seruing God, and obseruing the word, no doubt but you shall make a benefit of your boyage, and I shall bee ioyfull of your returne: and thus loath to tier you with a long tale, when I knowe in a little you will vnderstand much: in prayer for your good successe and safe returne, I commit you to the Almighty,

Your affectionat kinsman and assured friend,
N. B.

To his friend G. T. in his time of sicknesse,
and sorrow for a great misfortune.

Dear George, knowing the cause, though not the condition of thy sicknesse, I am bold a little to aduise thee for the better recovery of thy health: Thou knowest that there is nothing passeth neither vnder nor aboue the heauens, but ei-

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ther by the direction or permission of the wise dome of the Almighty: ther is no day but hath his night, no Element, but hath his contrary, no comfort on the earth without a crosse: thou art sorry to see the cruelty of fortune, but turne thine eyes to a better light, and then shalt see it a tryall of Gods loue: for if nature be accursed for sinne, thou must find it in this world or another: and the second death is worse then the first. If sickness make thee see the hand of God, shall not patience make thee try his mercy: and health make thee know his loue: if losses make thee poore, wert thou not better with patience be Gods begger, then in pride the worlds king? grieue not then at thy fortune, but liue by thy faith: be rather Iob then a Saul, for there is no spurning against so sharpe a pricke as Gods purpose: I am sorry for thy sickness, but more for the cause, for to mourne to no end is mere folly, and a pining sickness is a signe of more passion then patience: Christ suffered for thee, suffer thou for thy selfe, lay away thy too much melancholy, for sighing is womanish, and weeping is babish: be wise therfore for thy selfe, and be good to thy selfe, plucke vp thy spirits, and put thy selfe onely vpon God, liue not like a dead man, but dye like a liuing man, let not fortune be a messenger of death, no; impatience a prejudice to thy health, take thy horse and ride ouer to me, and take the time as it falls: if faire, the fetter clothes: if foule, take a cloake, but deferre not the time, for thought pearceth apace, and for the mind ther is no physicke, but patience and mirth, being the first with thee and the last, I will prouide for thee: till when, wishing thee once out of thy solempne Cell, and to take my house for thy better comfort, till I see thee and alwaies: I rest,

Thine in all mine owne, D. R.

An Answer to the same.

How easely the healthfull can giue counsel to the sicke, and how hardly they can take it, I would I were not in case to proue, but I see patience neede not be perswaded, for where paine is she wil be entertained, I know there is no resisting of Gods power, no; muttering against it: but yet thinke
that

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that flesh and blood in many things hath much adoe to beare it: and though fortune be a fictiō, yet it troubleth many fine wits, and the triall of patience, puts the best spirits to a hard point: neuer to haue had, is little woe to want, but to lose, hopelesse of recovery, will sting the heart of a good minde: a sorrow is soon taken then put off, & death is comfortable to the afflicted: wies cannot take thought, & knaues will not: but the honest & carefull vnderstand the plague of misery: if death be this way ordained me, I cannot auoid it, & if hell come vnlooked for, I shal be glad of it, but I am too weake, too rude, & too full of griefe to goe, but if you will take the paines to make me try the comfort of your company, my cell shall haue some roome to entertaine a friende for such a need: & knowing your loue, can account you lesse, I pray you therefore without further ceremonie, let me see you very shortly, if I liue you shal know my kindnesse, if I dye you shall find my loue, so drawing towards a feters fit, I am forced thus to conclude: in the spight of fortune, in the grace of God I will digest what I can, & pray for patience for the rest: and so hoping speedily to see you, till then and alwaies I rest,

In sicknesse and in health, thine what mine, R. H.

A yonger brother to his elder, false vnhappily on a little wealth, and suddenly growne fondly proud.

Good brother, as I am glad to heare of your health, so am I sorry to heare of your ill carriage, it is tolde me by them that I can beleene, that your welth which shuld make you gracious, makes you in a manner odious: Why, it is wonderful that you can so sodenly metamorphose your mind from wit to folly: it grieueth me to heare your description of almost as many as know you, it is saide you looke ouer the shouler, walke as vpon stilts, speake as it were for charity, and with a swelling conceit of your wealth, make your face like one of the foure windes: in your apparell you are womanish, your ruffes set so in point, your beard so starched, and your countenance so set, that you are rather meete for a prologue before a Comedy, then to giue example of ciuility: formality is a kinde of folly, when hee that walkes vpight like a Rabbet,

is

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is like a Boye that should say grace : they say you are selborne without a flower in your mouth , I would it were fitly perfumed, to the desert of your folly: you weare your cloak alwaies abroad, that one may see your filken outside: and your garters beneath your knee are ready to weep for a Rose: all these notes are taken of you, and withall, that to maintaine this pride, you are as couetous as the diuel: for, as I heare, you are both an Usurer and a Broker: and haue more cunning trickes in your trade, then an honest heart could alway withall: truly this is not well: for your estate needs it not, your education doth teach it, let me therfore entreat you, to turne a new lease: sing a new song: be curteous, but not couetous: kind, but not proud: and haue a conscience in all your courses, for there must be an ende of all your matters; and repentance wil be the best payment of your ill taken accounts: beleue it, for you shall finde it at last, I wish not too late: and so, out of the sincere loue of a true hart, that holds you as deere as his owne life, rather desirous to tell you, what I finde amisse in you, then to sothe you in what I finde greuous in you, to his grace that may amend you, with my prayer for you, I leaue you.

Your true loving brother,

R. B.

To a proud faire Tit.

FAire Distresse, why should you turne that to a curse, which was giuen you for a blessing? I meane, your beauty, which should haue made you gracious, but hath filled you so full of pride, that you marre your colour with an ill countenance, and when you speake, you counterfeit such a kinde of lispings, that you cannot bring out a wise word: your bodics are made so straight, and your fardingale so great, that in stead of a woman, you make an Antick of your selfe: I am plaine, but tell you

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you troath, I think you are best in your quaiting coat: for your tricking and your tyzing takes away all your propozition: so that the Painter and the Tailor, haue put nature out of countenance, but since it is the fashion, for soles to weare a cockes-combe, let them weare feathers that list, I will not blowe them away: but as a good friend let me tell you, that tell you but for your good, be honest and be hangd'e, and let knauery goe to the diuel: stand not lering in your doze, no: deuise lies to make soles, no: vie trickes to picke pockets: for in the ende all will be naught: for the pore, or the gallowes, or the diuel, wil be the reward of plaine leachery: if in the way you scape beggery: and therefore follow my counsaile, giue ouer betimes, befoze it giue ouer you: and since I haue turned my coate, turne your olde gowne, and we will ioy together, to goe both in a liuery: for say the word, and I am for thee: and so til I heare from thee, I commend me to thee.

Thine if thou wilt, D. H.

Her Answer.

You wicked villaine, hast thou plaide the Ielwe so long, that thou art weary of thy selfe: and now comes to me for a companion: soft snatch, your tricke is an Ace out, and of all the cardes I loue not a knaue: my beauty is not for blaers eyes, no: shal pretended honesty cheate my folly: hast thou had thre occupatiōs, and none thziue: a Pedler? a Parasite: and a Wander: and now wouldest be a Cony catcher? Sye, I haue no game for your ferit: and therefore hunt further: Now for my leeres and my lookes, and my trickes and my toyes, if they fitte not your humour, I am not for you: but for the pore, and the gallowes, and the diuel and the ale house, keepe you from them, and I wil keepe me from you: and yet if I thought I might trust thee, I could put thee into soles paradise: but if thou art not afraid of sparrow-blastring, come home and take a birdes-nest: which if it be better then a woodcocke, thanke the heauens

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for thy good Fortune, and mee for my good will : and so till I
see thy lincery, I leaue thee to thy selfe.

Thine, if I like. M. T.

A kinde Sister, to her louing Brother.

My deere Brother, as you knowe our loue began almost
in our Cradels, so I praye you let it continue to our
graues. I haue had a bad husbände, and you no good
wife, and yet with patience wee haue liued to see the strange
chaunges of times : but wee must one daye walke after our
friends,, and therefore in the meane time, let vs make muche
one of another : write vnto mee how you doe in bodie and
minde, and when I shal bee so happie as to enioye your good
companie : for beeing alone, you may be as a husbände and a
Brother, to controll my seruants, and comforte my selfe : be-
lieue me, I long to see you, and in the meane time to heare
from you, and therefore I pray you let no Messenger passe
without some fewe lines of your kinde loue : which are as
deare to me as my life, I pray you let me not saie off. And
so with my hartly Commendations and most kinde Loue, in
my daylie prayers for thy health, I leaue thee to the Al-
mighty.

Thy very louing Sister, A. N.

His Answer.

Sweete Sister, I haue receyued your kinde letter, for
which I returne you many kinde thanks : my Bodie I
thanke God is in good health, but my minde somewhat
out of temper : for I see three things that doe muche grieue
mee : A fowle riche, a Wile man wicked, and an Honest
man poore : for the first, either prodigally wastes himselfe or
like a dogge in a benchhole, hoordes vp his money he knowes
not for whom : the second turnes witte to an euil course, that
might

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that might compasse better matter : and the thirde , limes in
griefe that he cannot shew the vertue of his condition. But,
when I consider againe, that heere is no Paradiſe, the An-
gells live in Heauen, and Hell is too neere vnto the Earthe,
I am gladd I can fall to prayer, to shunne the trappes of the
deceitfull : And ſince I cannot goe from the courſe of Fates,
to take my fortune as patiently as I can. You ſay well, wee
haue liued to ſee much, and yet muſt die when we haue ſeene
all : you are ridde of a trouble, and I well freed of a torment :
yet are there croſſes enough, to trie the care of a good Con-
ſcience : in which I doubt not your wiſedome, nor ſhall you
of my will : but as patience is the ſalue of miſerie, ſo is Loue,
the ioye of Nature : in which as wee are neerely linked, ſo
let vs live vnſeparable : Moſtely I hope to ſee you, and till
then, and euer will loue you : The Lord of Heauen bleſſe
you, and in his good mercie keepe you : So with my hearts loue
to you : to the Lords tuition, I leaue you.

Your very loving Brother, E. B.

A young man to his firſt Loue.

Sweete Loue, ſince firſt I ſaw you, I haue ſeene none like
you, nor like anie, but you : my reaſon is drawen out of
many grounds, and all in your graces : For, firſt, your
Beauty being ſuch as exceedeth my commendation, your wit,
too high for my reaſon to reache, and your demeanure ſo diſ-
crete, as diues me onelie to wonder : beleue my affec-
tion, to be vntouched with vntuthe, and requite my loue,
with ſome token of your good liking : for being the firſt ſtarre
that hath made mee ſnoie Aſtronomie, lette mee not live in
the cloudes of your diſcomforte : leaſt in a myſt of miſerie, I
fall to the loweſt of Fortune : Leaving therefore my life to
your ſauour, or my death to your frowne, I reſt reſtleſſe,
till I may reſt.

Yours onely, and all. T. P.

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Her Answer.

If your heart were in your eyes, and your wordes were all truth, I should beleue a strange tale of the great force of fantasie, but I must entreat your pardon to pause vpon my iudgement of your opinion: I would I were as you writ me, though I did not requite you as you wish me: for though I would not be unkinde, yet wil I not be uncareful. Astronomy is too high a study for my capacity, and the cloudes are fittest dwellings for them that are so high minded, that the earth cannot hold them: In briebe therefore, build no castles in the Ayre, least they happen to fall on your necke: distrust not your fortune where your affection is faithfull, nor put your life to loues passion, least it try your patience too much: howsoeuer it be, carry reason in all your courses, and your care wil haue the more comfort: to which, I wishe you as much hope as a true heart may deserue: and so not knowing your rest, wil trouble you no further, but rest as I haue reason.

Yours in good will, A. M.

A Trauailer beyond the Sea, to his
wife in *England*.

Dere wife, the misery of my fortune is more then can easily be borne, and yet the most of griefe is, to absent from thee, and my little loues: but as a Henne to her Chickens, be kind to them till I see thee, and pray for my successe as I doe for thy health: from many dangers, God hath deliuered me: and I hope will after many stormes, lend me a faire day to doe me good, and a faire wind to bring me home: in the meane time I will haue patience, and entreat thee the like: for loue so long settled I know cannot lose his nature: and therfore not doubting thy constancy. I commende me to thy kindnesse: kisse my babes for me, and kindly receiue for thy selfe and them such tokens

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kens as by this bearer I send thee, for thee and them: and thus hoping of thy health, as my hearts greatest happinesse in this world, in prayer for the same, and thee, and thine evermore, I rest: Amsterdam: this 20. of August, 1604.

Thy deare loving husband,
T. W.

Sweet hart, let me entreat thee to be as merry as thou canst, in spite of fortune and all her fury: for if thou hast but life to bring home, yet loue shall bid thee welcome: my prayer and thy little ones is daily for thee, we all long to see thee, and thinke it long to be so long without thee: but knowing thy intent for our good, we will haue patience till thy comming, and pray for the speed of it, with good successe of thy trauaile: the posts hast is great, and therefore I must end: for thy kinde letters and tokens I thanke thee: somewhat by this bearer I haue sent thee, my notes in my letter wil tel you what, with my hearts loue, which can hold nothing from you, but auoweth all I am and haue, ready for you: so with my babes kisses and my owne, in prayer for thy health and harts ease: I commit thee to the Almighty, London, This 23. of September, 1604.

Thy true loving wife, E. A.

To his friend that was in loue.

Honest Willkin, I cannot but mourne for thee, to see thee in such a taking, as I thought neuer to haue take thee in.

I heare say thou art in loue, is it possible to be true, that the spirite of error could ever haue taken such possession of thy wit, to make a saint of an Idoll, and loose thy selfe in a maze: why: first, the thing loue, is in another world then this, and hath little businesse with such creatures as thou keepest too: I am sorry to heare how thou windest thy selfe into such a net, that thou canst no way get loose: fie vpon folly, leaue thy fancies,

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least thou be lozry too late, & then no man wil pittie thee: what? haue both eyes, and be starke blind: eares, and hast heard nothing: a nose, and can smell nothing: a witte, and can perceiue nothing: and a hart that can seele nothing, to put thee from this new nothing, which thou hast met with, called loue? Why: let me tell thee what it is: simply, I cannot tell thee: but what are the qualities of it, as I haue heard and read of it, I will deliuer thee: It wil Cuckolde age, and besoule youth: betray beauty, and wast wealth: dishonour vertue, and worke villany: this kind of loue I meane, that makes thee dance trenchmoeze without a pipe: it wil not let one sleepe, nor eat, nor drinke, nor stand, nor sit in quiet: it wil teach a foole to flatter, a knaue to lye, a wench to dance, and a scholler to be a Poet, befoze he can hitte the right way of a kinde verse: it will make a Souldiour lazye, a Courtier wanton, a Lawyer idle, a Merchant poore, and a poore man a legger: it wil make a wise man a foole, and a foole quite out of his wits: it wil make a man womanish, and a woman, Apish: To be short, there is so much ill to be said of it, that he is happy who hath not to doe with it. If therfore thou bee not too farre gone, come backe againe, if thou canst leaue thy study, lay away thy booke, and thinke of other matter, then the mouth of Venus, least Mars be angry, or Vulcan play the villaine, when Cupid shal be whipt for shooting away of his arrowes: In fine, giue ouer the humour, for tis no better then a fantasie: and liue with me but a day, and thou wilt be in hate with it all night: for the desire is fleshy, and the delight is filthy: the sute is costly, and the fruite of it but folly: Leane beauty to the painter, to helpe him in his Arte: wit to the Scholler, to helpe the weakenesse of his memozy: and wealth to the Merchant, to encrease his stock: Cases to the Lawyer, to helpe his pleading, honour to the Souldier, to put forth his valour: and so let thy mistresse be diuided among them: and when they are all together by the eares, come thou alway to me, and liue with mee: and credit me, thou wilt in the ende thanke mee, for dealing thus truly and plainly with thee: In the meane time, let me

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me heare from thee, what I shall hope of thee: for as thou knowest, I loue thee, so in my loue haue I written to thee, what I knowe is good for thee, and what I wishe may doe good with thee. And thus till I see thee, in hartly prayer for thee, and like commendations to thee, to the Lord of heauen, I leaue thee.

Thine as thou knowest,

L. E.

Her Answer.

GODD Goose eate no moze hape: what a noise hast thou made with keaking at nothing? Thou hast heard, thou knowest not what, and talkest thou knowest not how: take a woodcocke in a spring, and touch not me with these termes: now for thy mourning, let it be for the losse of thy wit, for I haue no feare of had I wist: Loue (quoth he) yee, neuer knewe what it is, and yet speak so much of it: either you wzong it or your selfe, that you no better vnderstand it: for let me tel you, you are mistaken in it: it is the light of beauty, the blisse of nature, the honour of reason, and the ioy of time: the comfort of age, and the life of youth: it is the tongue of truth, the stay of wit, and the rule of vnderstanding: it is the bzidle of wil, and the grace of sense: it makes a man kinde, and a woman constant: and while fowles and Apes, play bo-pæpe for a pudding. Louers haue a life, that they would not leaue for a mountaine. Now for Mars and Venus, they are studies for schole boyes, and hee that feareth Vulcan, let him be whipt for Cupid. To be short, thou art strangely out of tune, to write me such a piece of musique: for were I but in the way, shal I turne back to thy whistle: no, thou knowest not what it is, and therefore talke no more of it: for hadst thou but once kindly had a tast of it, thou wouldest die ere thou wouldest leaue it: beleue it, I know it: and therefore

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for thy diuision of my mistresse, I wil take it as a dreame, and be sorry, that awake thou hadst no moze wit then to wyte it: but let all vnkindnesse passe, it may be I wil shortly see thee, and then make thee glad to yeeld to me, that thou art in an foule error to wish me leaue my loue, to liue with thee: but since I know thy kindnesse, I will beare with thy weakenesse, and in the faith of an old friend, harken to thee in another matter: and so wishing thee no moze to enuy so much against a matter of so excellent vertue, I will leaue thee for this time, and rest alwaies,

Thine as mine owne, R. P.

To his onely and all beloned,
E. S.

Truely swete heart, I am so out of order with my selfe, with the extremitie of loue that I beare you, that my hart is euen at my mouth, to say swete hart, when I thinke on you: and if I but heare your name, it makes me start as though I should see you, and when I looke on my handkercheffe that you wrought me, I thanke you, with couentry blew: oh how I lift vp mine eyes to heauen, and say to my selfe, oh there is a wench in the world: well goe too, but when I see my iet ring that you sent me by your brother Will, I doe so kisse it, as if you were euen within it. Oh Nell, tis not to be spoken, the secretion that I beare thee: why, I fereted all night for the Rabbot I sent thee, and haue bene in the wood all day, to seeke a fine birdes nest for thee: my mother is making of a chesse cake, and she hath promised it me for thee: well, beleaue me I loue thee, and my high shoes come home on Waterday, I le see thee on Sunday: and we will drinke together thats once, for in dede I doe loue thee: Why my heart is neuer from thee, for ouer and besides that, I thinke on thee all day, I doe so dreame on thee all night, that our folkes say in my sleepe, I call thee swete hart, and when I am awake and remember my dreame, I sigh and say nothing,

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nothing, but I would I wotte what, but tis no matter, it shall bee, and that sooner then some think, for though the olde crasse my father, and olde Cramme my mother wil not come out with their Crownes: I care not, I am all their Sonnes, and therefore I shal haue all the Landes, and therefore hauing a good Farme, wee shal make shifte for mony: And therefore swete hart, for so I well dare call thee, I pray thee be of good cheere: washe thy face, and put on the Gloues that I gaue thee: for we are full aske next Sonday, & the Sonday after you knowe what: for I haue your fathers good will, and you haue my Mothers: and therefore, if Buckle and Whonge holde, wee will loade our Backes together: I woulde haue saide some what else to you, but it was out of my heade, and our Scholemaster was so busie with his boyes, that hee would scarce write this much for mee. But farewell, and remember Sonday.

*Thine owne, from all the
worlds. T. P.*

To her heart of Golde, and
best beloued.

NOWNE LOVE, and kinde soule, I thank thee for thy swete letter, a thousande times, I warrant thee it hath bene redde, and redde ouer againe, oftener then I haue fingers and toes, euery night, I gette by our man into my Chamber, and there by my beddes side he sittes and reades it to me: still, still, til I am almost asleepe, but when he reades so often sweet heart, and I loue thee, Oh saie I, you lie, and hee sweares no: and then I say, I thanke you Tom, no loue lost: for I am no chaungeling: and when he comes to djeame and wake, and wishe, I wil not tell you what I think yet, but one day I wil tell you moze: in the meane time, be content, and trust me I haue a hand in hand for thee, that shall

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be done afoze the time : and let our friends doe their willes; wee will not hang after their humors : No, I am thine , and thou art mine , and that not for a daie , but for ever and ever: My mother hath stolne a whole pecke of flower for a Wyde Cake , and our man hath swozne , he wil steale mee a bzaue Rose-mary bolhe , I haue spoken for Ale , that shall make a Cattie speake : and the Pouthie of our Parishe haue swozne to bring the blinde Fiddeler : well , be of good cheere , on Son-day I will bee at Church, and if there bee any dauncing, I hope to haue about with you. And til then , and the Sondaie after , and enery day after that , God be with you. Written by our man, at my beddes side at midnight, when the folkes were all asleepe.

*Your true louing in heart, till Death
vs depart. E. S.*

An angry letter, by a young Louer in the
Country, to his Loue. M. N.

MArgery , the truth is, you do not vse me well : what doe I get by you to loole my daies worke , and sit on a stile blowing my fingers in the colde , in hope to meete you a milking , and you sende another in your roome , and goe to market another way : well , if I bee not your swete heart, much good doe you with your choise : I hope my fathers sonne, is worzhie of your mothers daughter : Your picking in a cloutte is not so good as a plough : and for your portion, I can haue your betters; but tis no matter , hee is curste in his Cradle, that trustes anie of your wordes : and therefore since tis as tis , let it be as twill : I will not put at my heart , that you hang at your heeles. Well, to be short, take it for a warning, for I am angrie : if you serue me so againe , you shall serue me
me

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me so no more, that's once: and therefore eather bee, as you should bee, or be as you list, for I will not digest more then I can, that is the truthe: other folke see it as well as I, what a soole you make of mee, but tis no matter, I may lue to be meete with you: but yet, if you will giue ouer your gadding, and be rulde by your friendes counsaile, I can be content to forgette all that is past, and to be as good friendes as ere wee were. And so hoping to heare better of you, then some folkes thinke of you, meaning to bee at your towne the nexte markette daye, if you will meete mee at the Rose, wee will haue a Cake, and a cuppe of Ale: and may happe be merrie ere wee part. And so farewell.

*Your Friende, as you
use mee. B. D.*

B Arnaby, you are too blame, to fall out with your selfe, for want of better company: If you bee angrie, torne the buckle of your gyrdle behinde you: for I knowe no Bodie is in loue with you. Whats here to doe with my Fathers horse, and your Mothers mare? why, I wonder what you ayle, is the Moone in the Clipse, that you are so out of Temper? Now truthe tis pittie, a soole cannot haue a little witte, but hee will spende it all in a fewe wordes: Alas the deye, it will bee night by and by, and if you be so peeuish to put Pepper in the Nose, if you can sneele bothe wayes, you are in no danger of Death. Well, to bee plaine, care for your selfe if you will, for in truthe, I will take no charge of you: For, if you holde on your course, you maye make whither you will, and no body looke after you: for my selfe, I will forgette your Name, and proper person, I hope there is none so madde as to bee in loue withall. In conclusion, come not to mee till I sende for you: nee looke after mee, till I bidde you, I will drinke no Bottle Ale

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with such a bettle nose, noz desire to come to market to méete
such a companion: and so glad to haue this occasion to try your
patience, the sozeman of soles be your woodcocke sather, and
teach you better how to vse your wit if you haue any. And so
in as little loue as I can, sauing my charity: In hartie
good will, I leaue you as I found you: and so rest,

Your friend as you see,

M. A.

To her more friendly, then beleeued faithfull,
M. Tho. Iewell.

A Bitter swéte is like a physicall potion, if I be so to your
thoughts, I hope I shall purge your head of ill humours:
and then faining fanisie, that would deceiue plaine simpli-
citie, wil abuse neither of vs: and if your flattery were not
grosse in my complexion, I should haue no suspect of your con-
dition: with how farre it is from your protested truth, I leaue
to the secret confession of your little affection: words followe
thoughts at the heeles, and thoughts keepe the heade, not the
heart: where the bzaines a little troubled, it put the wits much
out of temper: and therefore wishing you to leaue honour to
the noble, and seruice to the wealthy, giue me leaue to like of
equality, and to settle my affection in discretion: which hating to
disgrace the wel deseruing, cannot but daily fauour the faithfull:
Distrust is a kind of Jealousie: which if I could loue, I should per-
haps be acquainted with: but solitarinesse being so swéte a life,
why should I seek my hurt in a woyle course: yet am I not
bozne for my selfe, and therefore wil harken to reason: and yet
no further then to know the worth of a Jewell before I pay too
deare for the wearing of it: and therefore let this suffice you,
that no heauen being in this woyle, take heed of a hell of
your owne making: and putting away the cloudes of idle hu-
mours, looke into the height of that loue, that by the direction of
virtue,

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vertue, may bring you to honour : to which, if my helpe may a-
uaile, I wil say Amen to such prayers ; as may be made in a
good mind : In which, hoping you will labour to rest in, I leaue
you to your best rest: and so rest,

*Your friend, as farre as I may not be mine
owne enemy. S. P.*

FINIS.





LONDON
Imprinted by Thomas
Creed, for Iohn Brovvne,
and Iohn Smethick,
1605.



Breton, N.